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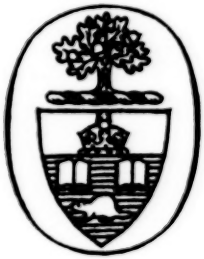

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MILTON AND THE NEW MUSIC

LAURENCE STAPLETON

IN thinking of composition in a poem, as distinguished from the circumstances of the poet's writing it, the only question that matters is what exists and acts in the lines themselves. But the kind of observation then demanded of the reader is, luckily, inexhaustible, provided that the poem has intensity of language, or feeling, or idea: inseparable elements, varyingly combined according to the skill and interest of the poet and not unaffected by the spirit of the age. By the spirit of the age I mean what the poet and his associates read, heard discussed, saw about them, but equally, the expectations of the intelligent reader or listener, by which any writer will be affected whether he sympathizes with these expectations or wishes to change them.

When the poet elects to write on a traditional theme, one that has been practised by a number even of his own contemporaries, he at once invites our attention to the method of his composition: what he includes, what rejects, and whether the several parts of his poem so interact as to become independent. In Milton's "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," a particularly striking example of the possibility of such choices on the part of the poet matches the possibility of such discoveries on the part of the reader.

Before Milton at dawn on Christmas day in 1629 began his "humble ode," he had no doubt read other poems about the Nativity, though which ones he may have read is largely a matter of conjecture, and of limited relevance. Images of creation as a harmony and of the music of the spheres he had encountered in ancient writers, then, fused with Christian tradition, perhaps in Tasso or in Giles Fletcher, or the ubiquitous du Bartas in Sylvester's translation. In these rhetorical excursions, there is nothing to compare with what Mr. Arthur Barker has called the "controlled complexity"[1] of the Nativity Ode. Milton obviously worked with a sense of command and of novelty in the task. He said as much, in writing to his friend

[1]Arthur Barker, "The Pattern of Milton's Nativity Ode," *University of Toronto Quarterly*, X (1940–1), 177. Mr. Barker briefly and efficiently characterizes the traditional patterns of idea and imagery which could have furnished Milton with a convention. He does not discuss Tasso's "Pel Presipio di nostro Signore," which, as Grierson pointed out in the Introduction to his *Metaphysical Lyrics and Poems of the Seventeenth Century* (1921), xlviii, is perhaps closer to Milton's Nativity Ode than any comparable English poem. Mr. Barker's article will, I think, remain the taking-off point for future critical discussions of the Nativity Ode. It is supplemented in some details by the comments of Cleanth Brooks and John Hardy in their introduction to the poem in *Poems of Mr. John Milton* (New York, 1952); in the main, however, their interpretation follows his analysis.

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Charles Diodati. But the combination of forthrightness and of reserve in the language of the poem shows it, too.

In his study of the Nativity Ode, Mr. Barker maps out its structure firmly. "The first eight stanzas . . . describe the setting of the Nativity, the next nine the angelic choir, the next nine the flight of the heathen gods. The . . . last stanza presents the scene in the stable." He finds that "the three movements each present a single modification of the simple contrast, preserved throughout the poem, between images suggesting light and harmony and images of gloom and discord." The three equal movements are held in relation "not by the repetition of a structural pattern, but by the variation of a basic pattern of imagery."[2]

While not disagreeing with, indeed valuing, Mr. Barker's analysis, it seems to me that this poem is built out of something more than the variation of a basic pattern of imagery. Fortunately, Mr. A. S. P. Woodhouse, recognizing the merit of Mr. Barker's article, at the same time adapts its critical insight to a wider purpose and leads us to approach the question of structure rather differently. He suggests that the poem has not only an "aesthetic centre" (the music of the spheres) but an "intellectual core": "the effect of the Nativity, the routing of the heathen gods by Christ, is the culmination of the poem and in some sense its *intellectual* core."[3] The question then arises, how is the "aesthetic centre" of the poem related to its "intellectual core"?

Paintings of the Nativity sometimes please the beholder because of the domesticity, the familiarity provided by the setting. A barn or rough shed, a child being gazed upon by inarticulate grown-ups, animals surprised by the commotion, people of many kinds—rich and poor, sophisticated and simple: here a painter could find opportunity to engage many kinds of interest and to use all his skill in juxtapositions of colour, in painting faces, clothing, the characteristic stance of different kinds of men. Often such pictures convey a feeling of geniality, of festivity, in which the symbolism of the occasion is subordinated to the sense of human participation in it. That, I think, is the impact of The Adoration of the Magi as Jan Breughel the elder conceived it, with an animated and even humorous treatment of detail. Or of Gentile da Fabriano's more formal, more ornate,

[2]Barker, 173. These divisions refer to the main body of the poem, leaving apart the four introductory stanzas and the concluding stanza.

[3]A. S. P. Woodhouse, "Notes on Milton's Early Development," *University of Toronto Quarterly*, XIII (1943), 92. This whole article is full of discerning observations on Milton's early verse and must be regarded as an indispensable complement to J. H. Hanford's "The Youth of Milton," in *Studies in Shakespeare, Milton and Donne*, by Members of the English Department of the University of Michigan (1925).

but equally crowded and humanly active presentation of the same subject. In contrast, Milton's composition strikes us instantly as uncluttered.[4] His achievement has been to reduce to a minimum the background of the scene in the manger and the birth of the child, in order to bring to life quite different aspects of the event. He is interested in presenting to us a movement in time, with a full sense of its immediate novelty and the direction of its future influence.

The separation of the first four stanzas of the poem from "The Hymn" makes this, so to speak, a poem with a frame. The Nativity Ode, for all that it may be taken as a piece of music (and about music) is a short narrative as well. As the poet invents the convention (it is perfectly possible to invent a convention) of his running to prevent the "Star-led Wisards" upon the Eastern road from arriving before him, the effect is to invite the reader to look at the scene before anything happens, to emphasize the solitude and even the emptiness of the moment. The poet's supposition and the reader's acceptance of being present, the frame as I have called it, is hypothesis. Looking into the frame of the event, then, we see at first no human witness. The time is just before dawn

> while the Heav'n, by the Suns team untrod,
> Hath took no print of the approaching light,
> And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright.

As the Hymn begins, the mood of expectancy acquires content. The cold, the stillness of winter darkness (when both stillness and sound are more audible) produce and are the effect of an abeyance of nature's usual business. The "deformities" of nature (conceived by Milton as a result of the Fall of Man when "Earth felt the wound") are covered by "innocent snow." Now—and we become increasingly aware of the firstness of *now*—the suspension of activity, the quiet, receives substance in the sending of Peace to earth, God's "ready harbinger," able to stop the sound of battle and to arrest the conflict for power:

> The Trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
> And Kings sat still with awfull eye,
> As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

Here, surely, Milton invests the New Testament promise of "peace on earth" with a particular incisiveness suited to his own vision.

[4]Cf. E. M. W. Tillyard, *Milton* (London, 1930), 37. Mr. Tillyard suggests that fifteenth-century Italian paintings of the Nativity "give the simplest comparison" with the *quality* of the Nativity Ode, its "homeliness, quaintness, tenderness, extravagance, and sublimity. . . . " But from the point of view of the structure of the poem, the differences are more marked than the similarity.

I think no one has remarked how often Milton achieves a major counterpoint by contrasting two kinds of enchantment. One kind is the enchantment of good, which can evoke from man, or other beings, a higher power, a *raptus* of contemplation that is a step in the process whereby "in contemplation of created things / By steps we may ascend to God." Even characters of evil intent, like Comus or Satan, may be attracted momentarily by the power of goodness. Comus, before his vain attempt to corrupt the Lady, surprises himself in an involuntary response to her virtue. "Can any mortal mixture of Earth's mould," he asks

> Breathe such Divine inchanting ravishment?
> Sure something holy lodges in that brest
> And with these raptures moves the vocal air
> To testifie his hidd'n residence.

And Satan for an instance when he first perceives Eve alone in the garden finds his malice overawed:

> That space the Evil one abstracted stood
> From his own evil, and for the time remaind
> Stupidly good. . . .

Stupidly, because his will and understanding are corrupted and he is no longer able to act in response to good; at the same time unwilling to feel its impact and unable to ignore it.

The enchantment of good Milton thinks of as an enhancement of our capacities of mind and feeling, not a deprivation, whereas the enchantment cast by evil dulls and lessens our humanity. This difference Comus notices when he compares the attraction of the Lady's song with the deceitful enchantments used by Scylla and Charybdis and by his mother Circe.[5]

> they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
> And in sweet madness rob'd it of itself,
> But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,
> Such sober certainty of waking bliss
> I never heard till now.

[5]Mrs. Gretchen L. Finney, the author of valuable studies on the musical background of *Comus, Lycidas*, and *Samson Agonistes*, has also discussed the reflection in Milton's writing of the idea that music has power to move the soul to ecstasy or rapture. See her article, "Ecstasy and Music in Seventeenth Century England," *Journal of the History of Ideas*, VIII (1947), 153–86. In *Comus*, she says, "there is an illusive shift from what seems to be a purely metaphorical use of the word 'ravishment' to describe the singing of the Lady to a somewhat more literal allusion to the release of the soul in the description of Circe and the Sirens. And there follows a contrast of the two experiences which implies that while the latter dulls perception, the former has rational appeal" (p. 184). She finds that there is probably a change in Milton's attitude towards the idea of music and ecstasy, so that his use of it in *Paradise Lost* is different from the appearance of this theme in the early poems.

The structure of the Nativity Ode may be looked upon, from one point of view, as an exploration of the contrast between the enchantments of deceit and the truth for which music is a sign. The descent of persuasive and decisive Peace provides for the reader an introduction to the experience of a rapt enchantment, leaning towards good. Or, to put it another way, this preparatory enchantment is incomplete because the decision that must fulfil it has not yet been dramatically announced. As before, a visual perspective leads to a more concrete awareness of the intention of the whole pattern. A calm silences even the ocean, as we are told of the legendary time close to Christmas when "Birds of Calm sit brooding on the charmed wave"—a bit of lore that only literary tradition and the incantatory sound of the verse make us accept (for otherwise how could we be convinced by scholars who tell us that the birds of calm, halcyons, were kingfishers—restless and rattling as we know them disturbed on any pond?). Nevertheless, this stretch of the poem produces a finely controlled crescendo while

> The Stars, with deep amaze,
> Stand fixt in stedfast gaze,

and the staying of the sun beyond the time of its usual rising compels in the beholder an economy of observation that perhaps we could compare to the heightening of perception one discovers in watching an eclipse.

In this manner "first light," as I believe military records still call that special time before sunrise when it is not dark, confirms the sense of an impending new event. But interest would soon be lessened if there were no human witnesses—as figures in a landscape, themselves negligible, are often needed to make the terrain more real. And when, as in the New Testament account, shepherds appear, "simply chatting in a rustic row," their natural and as it were occupational unawareness of all but essential change makes them the best listeners for the new music that at last and suddenly begins. For the shepherds are emblems of innocence in the whole idea: not devoted aspirants, not celebrants, but people in a field, expecting nothing different, therefore the more appropriately a testimony to a change that must emerge out of ordinary time. No matter how many other poets had put shepherds into a "pastoral" scene; few could, as Milton did, allow them to be present without trimmings, on the job, naturally seeing what was there, not saying anything.[6] The immensity of reference

[6]Milton describes the shepherds chatting on the lawn before they hear the music or become aware of the "globe of circular light" as the cherubim and seraphim are seen "harping in loud and solemn quire." He makes rather a point of

that he still has to develop in his "new music" could thus at the outset be characterized by a fundamental simplicity in its first appearance.

The new music: this is a phrase used by the early Christian Platonist, Clement of Alexandria, in his *Exhortation to the Greeks*. I do not know if Milton, at twenty-one, had read this work, although he later praises Clement.[7] Of Clement himself relatively little is known. Probably a Greek, probably one who had been initiated into the mysteries of Greek cults, he later became a teacher of Christianity in Alexandria. There, as a thinker influenced by Platonism and a man widely read in philosophy and poetry, he addressed himself, in his *Exhortation*, to a group unwilling to break the "cake of custom," unready to renounce ancient superstitions for the clear truth that Clement saw in the conception of Christ as the Logos, or Word, the bringer to mankind of knowledge that could emancipate him from the senseless worship of inanimate objects and the deception imposed by the oracles and magical arts.

With at times impressive eloquence Clement describes in the *Exhortation* his hope of a new period in which mankind can achieve a worthier faith and a truer knowledge. The word, the truth he hopes to persuade his hearers to find in Christ, is precisely the "new music." The Thracian Orpheus and other ancient bards were deceivers. "But far different is my minstrel, for He has come to bring to a speedy end the bitter slavery of the daemons that lord it over us" (p. 9). The ancient religions, Clement argues, enslaved man. "By commemorating deeds of violence in their religious rites" they led men to idolatry, and by their enchantments "they have held captive in the lowest slavery that truly noble freedom which belongs to those who are citizens under heaven" (p. 9). Far different is the teaching of the "new music," the discovery of the Logos in the new identity given by Christ. To Clement this is man's hope of a faith worthy of his capacity for reason. For the Logos is reason, it is the principle of creation in the universe, which "arranged in harmonious order this great world, yes, and the little world of man, too, body and soul together" (p. 13). The new music, then, is not new in essence; what is new is the opportunity given to men to perceive it. Blending biblical quotation

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the usualness of their mood in advance. The music overcomes them with "blissful rapture"; they are not mentioned again. This is in marked contrast to the ready-witted shepherds of the *Second Shepherd's Play* or, at the other extreme, to Crashaw's practiced pastoral singers with their hymn of studied paradoxes.

[7]As "this worthy Clement, Paul's disciple" (*Reason of Church Government*, in *Columbia Milton*, III, 211). In *Of Reformation in England*, Milton had warned of "heresies . . . thick sown" in Clement's account of the early church. There are four references to Clement in the Commonplace Book, but none of these is to the *Protrepticos* (*Exhortation to the Greeks*).

Eusebius, Plutarch, and other writers down to Spenser have been mentioned as

and neo-Pythagorean doctrine Clement describes the music as "before the morning star," since the Logos was the beginning of all things; but, he says, "because he lately took a name . . . the Christ,—I have called him a New Song" (p. 17).

Milton does not, like Clement, identify the new music with Christ; he describes it, like the coming of Peace, as an announcement of a change in human history. The music answers the sense of expectation now present in the shepherds:

> As all their souls in blisful rapture took:
> The Air such pleasure loth to lose,
> With thousand echo's still prolongs each heav'nly close.

It has power to repair the breach in Nature's perfection and to anticipate the fulfilment of Nature's reign, "the renovation of heaven and earth, and of all things therein," the fabric of vision set out in the Book of Revelation as Milton conceived it in his own terms. The harmony of this music is, he suggests, like the harmony of creation, "when of old the sons of morning sung." We know that the metaphors of Pythagorean thought, expressing the idea of music as number, as the measure of things, appealed greatly to thinkers of the Renaissance, not only to poets and philosophers but to scientists like Kepler as well. As a brilliant modern expositor of Greek thought has put it, in the Pythagoreans we find "an intuition which has guided the whole course of mathematical physics from its founder Pythagoras until the present day: 'The nature of things is number.' "[8] This intuition Milton associated with the mighty questions in the Book of Job: "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? . . . Who hath laid the measure thereof, if thou knowest? or who hath stretched the line

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transmitters to later generations of the idea of the cessation of the oracles at the time of the birth of Christ; the idea of the music of the spheres has, of course, an even longer ancestry. Clement's linking of the two ideas in his hymn of praise to Christ as the Logos suggests a closer connection with Milton than has been noticed. Mrs. Finney in the article cited above refers to Clement as one of the early writers through whom the Pythagorean concept of cosmic harmony found its way into Christian thought and was applied to explain the creation of the world.

It does not seem to me essential to argue that Clement's *Exhortation to the Greeks* is a source for Milton's Nativity Ode, but the analogy between the pattern of ideas in the treatise and the thematic structure of the poem is too striking to be overlooked. Even though Milton might have, and undoubtedly did, encounter these ideas elsewhere, I do not know where he would have found them in this combination.

Quotations in the text are from the Loeb Classics edition: *Clement of Alexandria*, with an English translation by G. W. Butterworth (London and New York, 1919). All quotations are from the *Exhortation to the Greeks*.

[8] F. M. Cornford, *The Unwritten Philosophy* (Cambridge, 1950), 20. He adds that in the Pythagorean cosmogony, "the two great principles of Nature are Light and Darkness."

upon it? . . . When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?" The act of creation, the bringing of order out of chaos, began, indeed constituted, the music of the spheres, and to Milton, as to Clement, was the work of the Logos. As Clement put it, "this pure song, the stay of the universe and the harmony of all things, stretching from the centre to the circumference and from the extremities to the centre, reduced this whole to harmony . . ." (p. 13).

The symbol of the music of the spheres allows Milton to achieve in the centre of his composition a masterly focus, making the present moment both revive man's lost capacity for perfection and prophesy its future realization.

> For if such holy Song
> Enwrap our fancy long,
> Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold, . . .
> And Hell it self will pass away,
> And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

A future time of perfection is conceived in terms of a past; the differentiation between Paradise and Utopia which Milton attains at the end of *Paradise Lost* is not here, and is not needed here. The accent is given to the future hope; in fact the victory of truth and justice and mercy is predicted. This, then, is the climax of anticipation; this is what is to be realized as the content, the purpose, of the moment of Christ's birth.

But to guard the poem and the realization itself from the vacuity of mere wish, Milton turns from a cosmic vision of the future to the decisiveness of its immediate effect on human history. Before the possible reconciliation of man and God, there must be a conquest of error and superstition, symbolized by the banishing of the pagan gods and the cessation of the deceitful oracles. Although "the Babe lies yet in smiling Infancy," the authority of truth demands acknowledgment: "The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep." In the fight against evil that the poem now describes, the impact of Christ's presence resembles the energetic figure of Michelangelo's last judgment, or reminds us of T. S. Eliot's lines

> in the juvescence of the year
> Came Christ the tiger.[9]

[9]"Gerontion." Perhaps it is worth noting that in his essay on Lancelot Andrewes, Eliot gives as examples of "flashing phrases which never desert the memory" two from Andrewes: the first, "Christ is no wild-cat," then, "the word within a word, unable to speak a word." Finally he quotes the passage which he wove into his own "Journey of the Magi." See *For Lancelot Andrewes* (London, 1928), 27.

In this section of the Nativity Ode we observe the conquest of what might be called negative enchantment, the enchantment of evil. In *Comus*, as in the *Odyssey*, the two brothers and their "attendant spirit," Thyrsis, are protected from the danger of Comus's enchantments by a medicinal herb, *haemony*, just as Ulysses was protected from the wiles of Circe by the herb that Hermes gave him, *moly*. But in the Nativity Ode no allegorical device is needed; the arrival of the Word of God, the possibility of human regeneration through knowledge of truth, brings in a new age when

> No nightly trance, or breathed spell
> Inspires the pale-ey'd Priest from the prophetic cell

of Apollo's shrines. One after another the jealous and cruel deities of antiquity—Ashtaroth, Moloch, Osiris—hasten into darkness. As Clement in his *Exhortation* had abjured the Greeks, worship of these gods represented an inferior stage in human existence; confronted by a religion of love and mercy, they could not survive (pp. 19, 27, 243). This conception, however unhistorical to modern minds, was echoed in early Christian writers such as Eusebius and caught the imagination of many, Spenser and Sir Thomas Browne among them, as well as Milton, who rejoiced that "the Babe could in his swaddling bands control the damned crew."

Yet if the sentence of doom pronounced against the ancient deceivers of the human spirit—"sullen Moloch" or "Libyc Ammon"—is stern, the tutelary genii of wood and grove (elsewhere favoured in Milton's imaginings) are dismissed more gently. As

> the yellow-skirted Fayes
> Fly after the Night-steeds, leaving their Moon-lov'd maze,

we are prepared for a simple transition to the coming of day in an ordinary world. With skilled economy Milton balances Christ's vanquishing of the pagan gods with the sun's banishing of the shadows of night. No part of the poem has perhaps evoked as much disagreement among critics as its ending, more often than not assailed for the amusing conceit of the "sun in bed curtained with cloudy red." In such a line, however, Milton was writing in the language of his time; moreover, he was, I think, pleasing himself by a bit of humour. For while the writer of this poem was aware of tradition, he wrote independently and with individuality of attack. The turn of every sentence shows this. If there is any comparable Nativity scene in painting, it would be, I think, Masaccio's Adoration of the Magi. However different in its details, particularly in the kinds of people he

included in the scene, Masaccio's boldness and simplicity of statement cause in the beholder a "moment of astonishment."

"Life itself in a moment of astonishment"[10]—that is Paul Valéry's description of what he discovers in the state of awareness out of which, sometimes, a poem results. Everyone knows that poems which continue to be read have many possible levels of meaning. For Mr. Barker, we have seen, the pattern of the Nativity Ode is a contrast between imagery of light and imagery of darkness. This is, so to speak, one way of looking into the composition. I think we can also say that the Nativity Ode as a poem is a moment of astonishment and is about a moment of astonishment.

In the last lines we feel the inventiveness of a poet who knew how to conclude a complex structure with a pleasing coda. Channing tells us that Thoreau loved Milton for his "neatness and swing." Milton's firmness and accuracy, much underestimated by some modern poets, are always noticeable in his manner of ending—almost by understatement, but not without a strict last spin of sense and observation. For neatness and swing it would be hard to beat the ending of the Nativity Ode:

> Heaven's youngest-teemed Star
> Hath fixt her polisht Car,
> Her sleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attending;
> And all about the Courtly Stable
> Bright-harnest Angels sit in order serviceable.

Order ready for service, and useful; polished, alert, the watch is kept. We are left with the attentiveness and clarity that was created for us by the opening lines, but there has been a change, a discovery. An event in time has occurred, and a poem has defined the intersection of its present with its futurity.

[10]Paul Valéry, "Poetry and Abstract Thought," *Essays on Language and Literature* by Marcel Proust, Paul Valéry, Jean-Paul Sartre, Jean Paulhan, Francis Ponge, Brice Parain (London, 1947), 76. I owe my knowledge of this essay to Miss Marianne Moore.

THOREAU, FIELD NATURALIST

ALEC LUCAS

WRITERS who discuss Thoreau's study of nature tend to neglect or belittle his knowledge of his subject. He was "a natural historian of the intellect," says Sherman Paul in an excellent, recent paper on *Walden*. He "saw and recorded nothing new," observes John Burroughs. He never looked at nature straight in the eye, implies Van Wyck Brooks. These writers concern themselves for the most part, however, with *Walden* and *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*; yet the *Journals* and the essays "Wild Apples" and "The Succession of Forest Trees" must also be considered in an estimate of Thoreau's work. The fact is that Thoreau is both philosopher and scientist—a field naturalist, one of the forerunners of an increasing number of people who today visit the woods and fields simply for the personal pleasure of quiet hours spent in learning something about the plants and animals they find there. Typical of a field naturalist's work, Thoreau's has a breadth of interest, a sketchiness, and a fusion of thought and feeling, of observation and speculation—qualities that exclude him from a place among the great pioneer naturalists but not from one among the finest nature-writers.

Basic to an understanding of Thoreau's work is an understanding of his development as a naturalist. Thoreau first went to nature to participate in it. He wished to realize self, which, as an idealist, he considered a function, a something that could be developed only through action. He wanted to stamp his image on his environment; nature interested him primarily as it drew him out and reflected him. To participate in nature, however, to feel the effect of facts, as he put it, necessitated his observing them, and since he thought that those which did not immediately affect him (at once "flower in a truth") might one day, he kept a record of them. Moreover, as he believed—or wanted to believe—that the actual is but the shadow of the ideal, he tried to look through rather than at fact.

In his search for facts, Thoreau read Audubon, Wilson, Gray, and others. He equipped himself as time went on with more and more paraphernalia: a compass, microscope, a spy glass (in 1854), notebooks, and insect boxes. He took innumerable field-trips—in a sense his books are a record of a life-long field-trip. Clad in a "hat, pants, boots, rubbers and gloves [that] would not have brought fourpence," he spent "four hours a day at least, and . . . commonly more than that,—sauntering through the woods," to preserve his "health and

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spirits." Tirelessly, year in and year out, he went out to study nature—to Walden to observe ducks, to Fair Haven hill to see the sunset, to Goose pond to watch the ripples, to Cape Cod, to Maine, Minnesota, and Canada. Peeping and prying into every nook and cranny, he hoped to "see, smell, taste, hear, feel that everlasting Something to which we are allied, at once our maker, our abode, our destiny, our very selves."

During these trips, Thoreau paid much attention to birds, and from his observations the posthumous *Notes on New England Birds*, which illustrates well his abilities as an ornithologist, has been compiled. To begin with, for all Thoreau's appreciation of music and his magnificent chapter, "Sounds," in *Walden*, he lacked the ear so essential to an expert ornithologist. The songs of the wood thrush and the hermit thrush confused him, and he mistook the yellowthroat's helter-skelter night-song for the mystifying "night warbler's," although he had listened to the latter's (probably the oven bird's) many times. He heard the snipe winnowing—"the most spiritual sound in all nature,"—but seems not to have heard the woodcock's flight-song (although he knew the bird nested at Concord). To what heights would he have risen if he had! Sometimes his records of what he saw reveal a lack of close observation. He never learned, for example, to distinguish a snipe from a woodcock even though he had studied them close at hand. His notes on other species, too, are filled with queries as to their identities, an aspect of his work that illustrates both his weakness and his truly scientific bent, and gives reliability to the records he did not question. Occasionally, also, Thoreau was willing to accept statements about wildlife without investigating them. The booming of the bittern fascinated him. For explanation, however, he was satisfied with his neighbour's account that he had seen the bird "thrust its bill into the water, and suck up as much as it could hold, then raising its head, . . . pump it out again with four or five heaves of the neck." Furthermore, no species receives a thorough treatment, and his observations are often anecdotal and haphazard.

Despite these flaws, Thoreau, judged by the standards of his day, was an excellent ornithologist. He had no Bent's *Life Histories* as a court of appeal, no Peterson's *Guides*, no high-powered binoculars, and soon gave up using a gun, but he has left an interesting account of bird life in New England a century ago. It contains, for example, important notes on passenger pigeons, records of population densities, and lively descriptions of bird behaviour. Moreover, Thoreau as an artist—"my work is writing," he said—straining to extend his horizons often informs his facts with universal significance:

The Merlin it seemed to me it might be called: but I care not for its name. It was the most ethereal flight I had ever witnessed. It did not simply flutter like a butterfly, nor soar like the larger hawks, but it sported with proud reliance in the fields of air; mounting again and again with its strange chuckle, it repeated its free and beautiful fall, turning over and over like a kite, and then recovering from its lofty tumbling, as if it had never set foot on *terra firma*. It appeared to have no companion in the universe,—sporting there alone,—and to need none but the morning and the ether with which it played. It was not lonely, but made all the earth lonely beneath it. Where was the parent which hatched it, its kindred, and its father in the heavens? The tenant of the air, it seemed related to the earth but by an egg hatched some time in the crevice of a crag;—or was its native nest made in the angle of a cloud, woven of the rainbow's trimmings and the sunset sky, and lined with some soft midsummer haze caught up from earth? Its eyry now some cliffy cloud?

Plants were another of Thoreau's favourite studies, and as a botanist he did some fine work. He was an assiduous collector and knew many species, and, besides writing the two scientific papers mentioned earlier, compiled long lists of the plants of Maine and of Middlesex County, Massachusetts, using his microscope and botany book to identify his specimens. Yet he was never quite methodical. "I never studied botany, and do not to-day, systematically, the most natural system is still so artificial," he wrote.

I wanted to know my neighbours, if possible to get a little nearer to them. I soon found myself observing when plants first blossomed and leaved, and I followed it up early and late, far and near, several years in succession, running to different sides of the town and into neighbouring towns, often between twenty and thirty miles in a day. I often visited a particular plant four or five miles distant half a dozen times within a fortnight, that I might know exactly when it opened, besides attending at the same time to a great many others in different directions, and some of them equally distant. At the same time I had an eye for birds and whatever else might offer.

Thoreau knew the common species of animals of his region, but set no trap-lines to learn of the uncommon or secretive. He kept a record of the number of muskrats taken at Concord and of moose shot in Maine when he was there. He examined squirrel nests and muskrat houses and listed the materials he found in them, and took measurements (incorrect) of a dead moose. Most of Thoreau's observations of mammals are, however, related to their behaviour. He took a flying squirrel home to study its manner of flight, dug out woodchucks, and "sniffing the air" like a hound, chased foxes. "The most vital part of an animal," Thoreau believed, "is its anima, its vital spirit, on which is based its character, and all particulars by which it most concerns us. Yet most scientific books which treat of animals leave this out alto-

gether, and what they describe are, as it were, phenomena of dead matter." This passage is written in the true spirit of a *field* naturalist, and reveals the element in Thoreau's studies of nature that gives them vitality and puts him far above a "lister."

Thoreau was interested in fish and spent much time in trying to identify those of the streams and ponds about Concord. "I would," he comments, "know even the number of their fin-rays, and how many scales compose the lateral line." Once he collected several specimens and sent them to the Boston Society of Natural History for identification—a practice that loses much of its merit once the species of an area have been established but which was important in field science of pioneer times. Thoreau's descriptions of the methods of catching fish and his comments on their former abundance are also of biological and historical interests.

Conchology, geology, meteorology, and entomology Thoreau touched on. He gathered shells on the beaches of Cape Cod, and read about and studied the rocks and land formation of New England. He kept elaborate data on the weather, though his only conclusions from his studies seem to be that it affects the moods and thoughts of men. He drew up tables on the temperatures of wells—an activity which his interest in mathematics and surveying may help to explain. He took a caterpillar home to study its reactions to freezing and thawing, observed ants at war, and studied hornets, bees, wasps, and spiders and their nests. As with most of his observations, however, he tried to discover from these the law of life, not of science. Entomology extended "the limits of being in a new direction," so that he walked in nature "with a sense of greater space and freedom" and suggested besides "that the universe is not rough-hewn but perfect in its details."

Compared with Jack Miner and Grey Owl, Thoreau had little hypnotic power over wild animals. Yet fish swam into his hands, snakes coiled round his legs, and woodchucks occasionally allowed him to come within inches of them. This "sixth sense," as Emerson called it, could give Thoreau another way of gaining insight into nature.

Thoreau was a conservationist in an America where game laws were few and game abundant and where to resort to nature except as a hunter or fisherman was to be thought a loafer. Long before national parks and societies for the protection of wildlife existed, Thoreau wrote, "Why should not we, who have renounced the king's authority, have our national preserves . . . in which the bear and panther . . . may still exist, . . . our forests . . . not for idle sport or food, but for inspiration and our true recreation? or shall we, like the

villains, grub them all up?" Killing for sport appalled him; as soon shoot your neighbour's horses as go moose hunting, he declared. The fur trade also he thought a pitiful business, and the muskrat hunter, "a brute with a gun."

Despite this humane interest in wildlife, Thoreau had no approval for "the mealy-mouthed enthusiasm of the lover of nature." He realized fully that wild creatures do not have the "most graceful end"; yet in "the incessant tragedies which Heaven allows," he hoped to detect "a secret innocence." Like all else, death had to have a rightful place in a world "where the motions everywhere must surely be the circulations of God." Nature was always moral, though Thoreau was aware of her severe or ugly side as well as of the gentle or beautiful. Sometimes he wished to approach the spirit in nature—its "wildness"—by abandoning himself to a life of the senses, to the "fancy that it would be a luxury to stand up to one's chin in some retired swamp a whole summer day, scenting the wild honeysuckle and bilberry blows, and lulled by the minstrelsy of gnats and mosquitoes," though he admitted that "it is an objection to walking in the mud, that from time to time you have to pick the leeches off you." When he came face to face with the "wildness" of nature in Maine, however, he was overawed. "Contact! Contact! Who are we? where are we?" he cries, as he discovers that he is still confronted by the unfathomable. Pure nature, though beautiful, is "savage and awful" and a "force not bound to be kind to man." The wilderness is the raw material of all civilizations, and unless man has his feet in nature, his face will become pale and wan, he concludes. Yet nature must be humanized and contemplated to be meaningful. For a man to give himself unwittingly to the wildness of nature was to live as a beast, for not only did he fail to reach her spirit in this way but lost awareness of self, the vital centre of Thoreau's metaphysics. It was this problem that gave the tension of art to his books on nature. As a transcendental field naturalist trying to come to terms with the objective world, Thoreau had to determine how much of his identity he retained in the common denominator of the Thoreau and the not-Thoreau and how to obtain and retain that denominator.

These problems became more difficult for him as he grew older. "The poet's second love may be science (not his first), when use has worn off the bloom," he wrote, and he continued, as if in self-analysis, "I realize that men may be born to a condition at which others arrive in middle age by the decay of their poetic faculties." He began studying natural phenomena for their effect, but in searching for this effect, he gradually shifted the emphasis to the phenomena themselves. The

means became an end, or rather he was unable to use them to achieve his end. "Ah, those youthful days," he laments, "are they never to return? when the walker does not too enviously observe particulars, but sees, hears, scents, tastes, and feels only himself, the phenomena that showed themselves in him, his expanding body, his intellect, and heart. No worm or insect, quadruped or bird confined his view, but the unbounded universe was his." This lament is not for his lost power of self-projection into nature, to "sniff the fox" like a hound, but for his inability to establish an emphatic relationship with it, to identify himself with it and yet remain aware of himself as a discrete entity. In his youth, he had been simultaneously in and out of nature: now he felt that he was largely outside and that he could no longer achieve the nice balance between subjectivity and objectivity which he had once known. As proof that he had lost his touch, one has only to compare the description of the hawk quoted earlier with the following from the *Journal* for 1858:

> It was *Falco fuscus*, the American brown or slate-colored hawk. Its length was thirteen inches; alar extent, twenty-three. The tail reached two or more inches beyond the closed wings. Nuttall says the upper parts are 'a deep slate-color' (these were very dark brown); also that the nest is yet unknown. But Wilson describes his *F. velox* (which is the same as Nuttall's *F. fuscus*) as 'whole upper parts very dark brown,' but legs, greenish-yellow (these were yellow). The toes had the peculiar pendulous lobes which W. refers to. As I saw it in the woods, I was struck by its dark color above, its tawny throat and breast, brown spotted, its clean, slender, long yellow legs, feathered but little below the knee, its white vent, its wings distinctly and rather finely dark-barred beneath, short, black, much curved bill, and slender black sharp claws. Its tail with a dark bar near edge beneath. In hand I found it had the whiter spots on scapulars of the *F. fuscus*, and had not the white bars on tail of the *F. Pennsylvanicus* [*sic*].

Even if in judging the late *Journals* we allow for the fact that Thoreau did not rework the material in them as he had reworked the early ones for *A Week* and *Walden*, we are still faced with the fact he did not or could not interpret the data he collected during the last decade of his life. Yet although Thoreau's attitude towards nature became, unwillingly, if not unwittingly, more impersonal, nevertheless, his *Journals* are not wastelands. Thoreau never lost altogether the ability to make interesting observations. He was acquainted with nature in all her lights and weathers, and, if at his worst he was simply a compiler of facts, at his best he was a field naturalist who could invest them with the very essence of the out-of-doors.

BERDYAEV'S DEBT TO DOSTOIEVSKI

J. C. S. Wernham

THE greatest Russian metaphysician and the most existential was Dostoievski. Unamuno said that Spanish philosophy is contained in Don Quixote. In the same way we can say that Russian philosophy is contained in Dostoievski."[1]

Tribute to the superlative greatness of Dostoievski came freely from the pen of Nicolas Berdyaev, and he frequently underlines his influence upon the cultural renaissance in Russia at the opening of this century. "Its representatives," he tells us, "all put themselves under the standard of Dostoievski; they were children of his mind."[2] Speaking more particularly of the new trends in philosophy, he observes that "philosophical works often took the form of commentaries upon Dostoievski."[3] Acknowledgments of his own indebtedness to Dostoievski are frequent and no less explicit. His "own initiative into philosophy was," he says, "largely due to Dostoievski"; Dostoievski's influence was "more important" for him than "philosophical and theological schools of thought"; and, although there were many thinkers and writers who nourished his "love for the freedom of spirit . . . the most important of these was Dostoievski."[4] In view of such acknowledgments it is surprising that writers on Berdyaev have not sought to demonstrate how central is the influence of Dostoievski upon him. They have, of course, noted the influence where Berdyaev himself underlines it, but they have asserted it only intermittently without demonstrating it systematically. Because of this, they have failed to bring into clear focus the central unity of Berdyaev's thought. They have been content to regard Dostoievski as one source among many, and, in consequence, have been led in their expositions to underestimate his influence by exaggerating the influence of others. It is the aim of this article to remedy that failure and to show that Berdyaev's philosophy is, in substance, though not, of course, in form, of the nature of a "commentary upon Dostoievski."

The reason why commentators have failed to do this lies, perhaps, partly with Berdyaev himself. For it is true that he frequently lists the names of authors other than Dostoievski to whom he expresses a personal debt. It is also true that the lists are impressive in their length. That, however, need not be taken to imply that an equal debt

[1] *The Russian Idea* (London, 1947), 159.
[2] *Dostoievski* (New York, 1934), 216.
[3] *Dream and Reality* (London, 1950), 143.
[4] *Ibid.*, 304, 80, 49.

is owed to each, and, if the contention of this article is correct, it will emerge that what Berdyaev found in most of the others was of the nature of corroboration, or development, of something already found in Dostoievski. This is not the place, of course, to argue that point, but the substance of the claim can here be illustrated. Of the academic philosophers, Berdyaev respects Kant most highly, and honours him especially as the inaugurator of an anthropocentric philosophy, and as a "metaphysician of freedom, perhaps the only one."[5] Our claim is that Berdyaev found Kant, in these respects, to be orientated in the same direction as Dostoievski, for whom "the riddle of the universe is within man" and for whose conception of the world, freedom is central.[6] Schopenhauer's influence is frequently acknowledged, and Berdyaev confesses that he found Schopenhauer's refusal to accept the alleged goodness of creation more impressive than the Bible.[7] Our claim is again, however, that for Berdyaev, Schopenhauer stands, in this respect, merely as impressive corroboration of the words of the rebel, Ivan Karamazov: "In the final result I do not accept God's world, and although I know that it exists I do not in the least degree permit it."[8] Berdyaev repeatedly expresses a very great debt to Boehme, "one of the greatest of christian gnostics,"[9] but he himself makes it clear that in adopting Boehme's theory of the *Ungrund*, he is accepting what he regards as the implicit presupposition of Dostoievski's teaching. "If he had developed his teaching about God and the Absolute to its necessary conclusion" he would have "approximated to Jacob Boehme's theory of the *Ungrund*."[10] The same claim will be argued more fully later in relation to the influence of Marx, and it will also emerge, as a corollary of our main thesis, that Spinka is much too cavalier in his judgment that it was Ibsen who taught Berdyaev to understand personalism.[11]

As stated earlier, the intention of this article is to show the centrality of Dostoievski's influence upon Berdyaev's philosophy. But the terms of this project, such as "Berdyaev's philosophy" and "Dostoievski," require, and are susceptible of, more precise denotation. Berdyaev, even allowing for the vast amount of repetition, is a prolific writer whose thought ranges over a wide variety of topics. Yet it is not difficult to recognize the validity of his own judgment that his thought has an interior unity. [12] This unity is one of point of view. As he says,

[5]*Essai de métaphysique eschatologique* (Paris, 1946), 13, 16.
[6]*Dostoievski*, 39, 67. [7]*Dream and Reality*, 41.
[8]Quoted in *The Russian Idea*, 78.
[9]"Études sur Jacob Boehme," in *Mysterium Magnum* (Paris, 1945), 5.
[10]*Dostoievski*, 58.
[11]M. Spinka, *Nicolas Berdyaev: Captive of Freedom* (Philadelphia, 1950), 17.
[12]*Essai de métaphysique eschatologique*, 5.

"My thinking proceeded from, and my books were written out of, passion and a point of view."[13] By the expression "Berdyaev's philosophy" is meant, then, his point of view, and the task consequently is not to show that there are antecedents in Dostoievski for all that Berdyaev wrote, but rather to show that the point of view from which he writes is one derived from deep meditation upon Dostoievskian sources. Here, the other term of our project should likewise be given more precise delineation, for the name Dostoievski doubtless stands for much. It stands particularly, however, in Berdyaev's judgment, for the Legend of the Grand Inquisitor, which he calls the "crown of Dostoievski's dialectic,"[14] and it is, therefore, as particularly denoting the Legend that the term "Dostoievski" is to be understood in this article.

One further point requires to be made in completion of this introduction. Berdyaev frequently claims that life itself, and not books, constitutes the real source of his philosophy. Such statements, however, must be understood as implying only a provisional dichotomy, for there is ample reason to suggest that Berdyaev learned from Dostoievski's works to see life through Dostoievskian eyes; and to this effect there is his own testimony that while "still a youth a slip from him, so to say, was grafted upon me."[15] So much by way of introduction: in what follows the attempt will be made to demonstrate the centrality of Dostoievski's influence upon Berdyaev's religious views, upon his social and political writing, and upon his "existentialism." No attempt will be made, of course, to give a comprehensive exposition of these aspects of his thought. The analysis, on the contrary, will be carried only as far as is required by the main intention of the article.

I

Since Berdyaev is primarily a religious philosopher, and since the Legend, at the most obvious level of interpretation, has a religious theme, it is fitting to begin with an examination of its bearing upon Berdyaev's views. That its influence is decisive can hardly be questioned. "The Legend of the Grand Inquisitor," says Berdyaev, "made such an impression upon my young mind that when I turned to Jesus Christ for the first time, I saw him under the appearance that he bears in the Legend."[16] No acknowledgment of Dostoievski's influence could be clearer. But it is not enough simply to record such a statement; it is necessary to see in some more detail how the Legend dominates the main themes of Berdyaev's religious writing.

[13] *Dream and Reality*, 87.
[14] *Dostoievski*, 188.
[15] *Ibid.*, 7.
[16] *Ibid.*

The theme of the opposition between true Christianity and historical Christianity appears constantly in the thought of Berdyaev, and one recognizes the theme immediately in the Legend which is certainly, in part at least, a polemic against historical Catholicism. Of course, many people have made contrasts between true Christianity and historical Christianity, and in all such contrasts what is important is the content given to true Christianity. The decisive point is, then, that for Berdyaev, Dostoievski's version of Christianity in the Legend is not only "a new version of it,"[17] but the true version of it. True Christianity is not to be found in the gospels, not in the early church, and not in any other period of historical Christianity. Berdyaev noted particularly among Neo-Thomists and Neo-Calvinists "a going back to all sorts of things in search of stable authority and tradition amidst the uncertainties of human existence";[18] but this was alien to him. Only in the Legend is the authentic image of Christ revealed. Elsewhere, "the voice of God was heard through the medium of a crude and defective human consciousness." Berdyaev adds: "The mass of mankind . . . sees the truth through a glass darkly, very darkly indeed. But the authentic image of Christ transcends the one disclosed in the gospels, which present its refraction in the dark glass of human limitations."[19] In one of his last works,[20] Berdyaev set himself to do systematically what he had previously done only fragmentarily, to write a critique of revelation. It is, as he says, a critique of revelation not in the light of reason, but in the light of revelation itself; and it would not be putting it too strongly to say that, for Berdyaev, "revelation itself" is identical with the image of Christ in the Legend.

The newness of Dostoievski's new version of Christianity lay in its being "permeated with the notion of liberty," in the fact that "no one before him so strongly identified the image of Christ with a freedom of spirit that only a few can attain."[21] Berdyaev quotes the Grand Inquisitor's words to Christ: "The freedom of their faith was dearer to Thee than anything," and adds: "It is Dostoievski's own profession of faith."[22] It is also his own. Of Dostoievski he says: "[He] is in essence a religious anarchist."[23] Of himself he says: "I was, and have remained, a mystical anarchist inasmuch as God for me is freedom: he is my liberator from the captivity in and enslavement to the world, and his kingdom is my kingdom of freedom and

[17] *Ibid.*, 199.
[18] *Dream and Reality*, 258.
[19] *Ibid.*, 300.
[20] *Truth and Revelation* (London, 1953), *passim*.
[21] *Dostoievski*, 37, 204.
[22] *Ibid.*, 78.
[23] *The Russian Idea*, 122.

anarchy."[24] So obvious is the fact, that it is scarcely necessary to show how pervasive is the notion of freedom in Berdyaev's writings. It is central for his understanding of God: "God has not made a slave of man. God is the liberator. Theology has made a slave of him."[25] It is central also for his understanding of the church as community, as opposed to collectivity: "*Sobornost*, community, can never mean authority."[26] It is central, once again, for his understanding of religious truth: "Truth nailed upon the cross compels nobody."[27] It is not difficult to see in all this the influence of the Legend, which, as he says, provides the "real religious and metaphysical basis of anarchism."[28]

In his estimate of man, which has provoked the charge of humanism and titanism,[29] Berdyaev clearly follows the Legend. The Grand Inquisitor says to Christ: "Thou didst crave for a free faith, not one born of marvels. But Thou didst think too highly of man. It was pitiless of Thee to value man so highly, for Thou didst require far too much of him. Hadst Thou respected him less Thou wouldst have asked less, and that would have been more like love, to have given him a lighter load."[30] The titanism of Berdyaev is the titanism of the Christ of the Legend. It is not an empirical judgment. Perfectly consonant with the Christianity of the Legend is Berdyaev's description of his own religious views: "When I became conscious of myself as a christian, I came to confess a religion of God-manhood; that is to say, in becoming a believer in God I did not cease to believe in man and in man's dignity and creative freedom. I became a christian because I was seeking for a deeper and truer foundation for belief in man. In this I have always been conscious of a difference from the majority of people who become converted to Christianity, whether Orthodox, Catholic, or Protestant. And it is not possible for my faith to be shaken by man, however low he may sink, for this faith is grounded not on what man thinks about man, but on what God thinks about him."[31] Berdyaev's theme of creativity, the theme that man is called by God not merely to render obedience, but to participate in creation in its eighth day, his "active" interpretation of eschatology—all of this derives from his understanding of "God's idea of man," which is "infinitely loftier than the traditional orthodox conceptions of man":[32] and his understanding of God's idea of man, he derives from the Christ of the Legend.

[24] *Dream and Reality*, 158.
[25] *Slavery and Freedom* (London, 1944), 83.
[26] *The Realm of Spirit and the Realm of Caesar* (London, 1953), 123.
[27] *Dostoievski*, 197.
[28] *The Russian Idea*, 153.
[29] *Dream and Reality*, 212.
[30] Quoted in *Dostoievski*, 192.
[31] *Dream and Reality*, 180.
[32] *Ibid.*, 208.

II

If, as I have maintained, the Legend is decisive for Berdyaev's religious views, it is equally decisive for his social philosophy. It serves him as an unfailing sledge-hammer against every form of totalitarianism, and he repeatedly makes explicit reference to it when engaged in political controversy. "Such is the essence of contemporary totalitarianism. It desires to possess and to shape the souls of men. It demands that freedom be given up in exchange for bread, which is, of course, the temptation of the Grand Inquisitor in Dostoievski's 'Brothers Karamazov.' "[33] The Legend can serve Berdyaev as his weapon against totalitarianism because it is "one of the most anarchistic productions in the literature of the world."[34] When he describes its theme as "the theme of the kingdom of Caesar,"[35] we recognize the germ of the title of one of his late books, *The Realm of Spirit and The Realm of Caesar*.

To speak of Berdyaev's "social philosophy" is partly misleading, for he is not in any real sense a social or political theorist. He was himself conscious of the fact. If politics is the sphere of the practicable, it is a sphere to which he was temperamentally unsuited. His thought is too "eschatological," too much inclined to make judgments from the vantage point of absolute perfection to make him an unfolder of social or political programmes. He admits to having "on his conscience dozens of newspaper articles about social and political matters," and such topics are by no means foreign to his books. He does, however, accurately describe the character of his writing in this field in saying: "When I joined issue in social and political affairs, I did so as a moralist in defense of man. I tried to preach humanity in the most inhuman of ages."[36] "In defense of man": we have already contended that Berdyaev's titanism derives from the Legend, and there is no need for a repetition of the case. Let us turn instead to look at his position *vis-à-vis* Marxism, for in this we find illustrated, not only his defence of man, but also another principle which he derives from the Legend.

From the Legend, Berdyaev learned to distinguish between two forms of humanitarianism which are there presented in opposition to one another. The Grand Inquisitor accuses Christ of inhumanity, of pitilessness: "Thou didst act as if Thou didst not love mankind": and justifies his accusation on humanitarian grounds: "Did we not love mankind in that we meekly admitted its weakness and wished lovingly to ease its yoke?"[37] Berdyaev comments: "Not believing in God, the

[33] *Towards a New Epoch* (London, 1949), 3.
[34] *The Russian Idea*, 121.
[35] *Ibid.*, 122.
[36] *Dream and Reality*, 217.
[37] Quoted in *Dostoievski*, 191, 192.

Grand Inquisitor also ceases to believe in man, for they are two aspects of the same faith."[38] The humanitarianism of Christ, on the other hand, is the "cruelty" which respects man so highly that it will not relieve him of his burden of suffering at the cost of relieving him also of his dignity as a free being.

According to Berdyaev, it is one of Dostoievski's profound discoveries that the type of humanitarianism found in the Grand Inquisitor is exposed to an inner dialectic in which it turns into its opposite: the principle that "humaneness, disrupted from God and God-man, is reborn in inhumaneness."[39] The principle is illustrated in the Legend. The Grand Inquisitor is a humanitarian, full of compassion for man; but his humanitarianism issues in an inhumane ordering of society, in the ants' nest where "all these millions and millions of creatures will be happy,"[40] but totally deprived of liberty. It is this principle, learned from Dostoievski, which determines the essentials of Berdyaev's judgment upon Marx, and the quotations which follow, all taken from a single paragraph,[41] show how faithfully Berdyaev applied it.

Writing of the early Marx, Berdyaev emphasizes the humanitarian inspiration: "His sources were humanistic; he fought for the liberation of man. His revolt against capitalism was based upon the fact that in capitalist society there takes place an alienation of the human nature of the worker, a dehumanising process, the turning of him into a thing. The whole ethical pathos of Marxism was founded upon a struggle against that alienation and dehumanisation." Humanitarianism it is then, but it still remains to be seen whether it is the humanitarianism of Christ, or the humanitarianism of the Grand Inquisitor which, not believing in God, ceases also to believe in man. Berdyaev proceeds: "In his [Marx's] view man was the supreme value which was not subordinated to anything higher, and therefore his humanitarianism was exposed to the existential dialectic process of disintegration." That is Dostoievski's principle. Marx's humaneness is the Grand Inquisitor's, and, because it has broken away from God, it undergoes disintegration and turns into its opposite. Berdyaev describes the outcome of this dialectic: "In the last result he saw man as exclusively a product of society, of class, and subordinated the whole man to the new society, the ideal social body, instead of subordinating the society to man and so liberating man finally from the categories of social class." As if to underline what he has learned from the Legend, Berdyaev concludes the paragraph: "There remains the

[38] *Ibid.*, 189.
[39] *The Russian Idea*, 90.
[40] Quoted in *Dostoievski*, 195.
[41] *The Russian Idea*, 95.

eternal truth that man will preserve his highest value, his freedom and independence from the power of nature and society, only if God exists and if God-manhood exists."

III

It remains, finally, to give some attention to Berdyaev's "existentialism." In the nature of the case, because the topic is vast and not well defined, it is less easy here to trace the influence of the Legend. But the project will be made more manageable if the investigation is limited to a study of Berdyaev's basic philosophical terms, "existence" and "objectification."

It is easy to go astray in tracing sources here. In Berdyaev's opposition between "existence" and "objectification," it is possible to see a parallel to Heidegger's opposition between "authentic existence" and "inauthentic existence," and to Kierkegaard's opposition between "existence" and "life in the plebs." But Berdyaev is not to be interpreted in the light of these sources. He says: "Neither Kierkegaard, whom I did not read until late in life, and whose morbid exaltation of sin is profoundly uncongenial to me, nor Heidegger, nor even Jaspers had any particular influence on my thought."[42] It is also possible to see a parallel to Marx in the use of the terms "alienation" and "objectification," but we have already suggested that behind Marx, and controlling Berdyaev's attitude towards Marx, lies Dostoievski's Legend. The question therefore arises whether one can find in the Legend the inspiration for the content which Berdyaev gives to his basic philosophical terms.

The answer is hardly in doubt. "Two universal principles," Berdyaev writes, "confront one another in the Legend, freedom and compulsion."[43] The Grand Inquisitor advocates a system which presents a terrifying picture of the mass-man, a system in which man is reduced wholly to impersonality, to the status of a thing.[44] In it, men are "saved from the great anxiety and terrible agony they endure at present in making a free decision for themselves." "Why distinguish these diabolical principles of good and evil, when to do so is the cause of so much unhappiness?" His position is that it is "too much to ask of man to saddle him with this spiritual responsibility," and he "deprives him of liberty in the name of love." The state of objectification is compendiously described when the Grand Inquisitor sums up his accusation of Christ: "It was in Thy power to have taught men all they want to know on this earth; that is, to whom they must look up,

[42] *Dream and Reality*, 103. [43] *Dostoievski*, 189.
[44] Five quotations which follow from *Dostoievski*, 194, 190, 192, 196.

to whom and how they can hand over their conscience, and how they can all join together and make a single unanimous common ant-heap of themselves, for the craving for a universal fusion is the third and last torment of man." The triumph of the three temptations, Berdyaev says,[45] "will mark man's attainment of content," but also his loss of existence, his total objectification. On the other hand, existence is freedom of the spirit, and "this freedom is possible only because our Lord repudiated all temporal authority"—more generally, because He repudiated all three of the temptations. "Every man," writes Berdyaev, "is offered the alternatives of the Grand Inquisitor or of Jesus Christ, and he must accept one or the other, for there is no third choice." It is not difficult to see that, for Berdyaev, the alternatives of the Christ of the Legend and of the Grand Inquisitor are the alternatives of existence and objectification. In this, Berdyaev's existentialism is certainly closer to that of Kierkegaard than to that of Heidegger. For both Berdyaev and Kierkegaard, existence is Christian existence, as it is not for Heidegger. But this similarity is only a general one. There are also vast differences; and these differences issue from the fact that Kierkegaard's Protestant Christianity is not the Christianity of Berdyaev and the Legend.

It has sometimes been thought that to find a writer's inspiration in the works of another is to detract from his stature: but it is possible to disagree with that opinion. In the history of philosophy, as in history generally, there are few Melchizedeks. The aim of our study has been neither to disparage nor to praise, but simply to cast a ray of light.

[45]Following quotations also from *ibid.*, 196, 204, 188.

DR. JOHNSON AND THE KING OF ASHBOURNE

JAMES GRAY

WHO was Dr. Johnson's closest friend? Boswell? Burney? Edmund Hector? Francis Barber, his negro servant? Mrs. Thrale? Sir John Hawkins? Goldsmith? Garrick? Dr. Adams? Sir Joshua Reynolds? George Strahan? Bennet Langton? Dr. Hawkesworth? Probably none of these, though strong claims could be staked for any one of them. The personage who is described by Mrs. Thrale as Johnson's "truest friend"[1] and who, according to the great man's own testimony, was "better acquainted with my heart than any man or woman now alive,"[2] was Dr. John Taylor of Ashbourne, a country parson and a farmer.

The strange association between Taylor and Johnson has never been satisfactorily explained. In nearly every possible respect Taylor was the living antithesis of his friend—in politics a Whig, in literature an ignoramus, in moral philosophy a mere tyro, in theology a nonentity. Yet we have Johnson's own word for it that Taylor was the man who knew him most intimately. When Mrs. Johnson died, Taylor was the first to be asked to comfort the bereaved. When the question of Johnson's biographer was first mooted, Taylor's name was readily approved. Even Boswell, who had the most emphatic reservations on the subject, admits that Johnson described Taylor as "a very sensible acute man" who "had a strong mind."[3]

Boswell could not understand the intimacy between the two men. Perhaps he did not want to understand. He looked for trivial and dishonourable motives: "Their having been at school and college together, might, in some degree, account for this [friendship]; but Sir Joshua Reynolds has furnished me with a stronger reason; for Johnson mentioned to him, that he had been told by Taylor he was to be his heir."[4] The second suggestion has been shown to be highly questionable, for the very good reason that Johnson was somewhat older than Taylor and that he was far too proud and independent to court this kind of favour.[5] Boswell's imputation, in fact, strikes that note of jealousy and malicious gossip which occasionally occurs in the celebrated biography.

[1]*Letters to and from the Late Samuel Johnson, LL.D.*, published by H. L. Piozzi (Edinburgh, 1822), II, 381.
[2]H. L. Piozzi, *Anecdotes of the Late Samuel Johnson, LL.D.* (1786), 31. See also Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, ed. G. B. Hill and L. F. Powell (Oxford, 1934–50), I, 26 n. 1.
[3]Boswell, *Johnson*, III, 139. [4]*Ibid.*, III, 180–1.
[5]Thomas Taylor, *A Life of John Taylor, LL.D.* (London, 1910), 13, 61.

John Taylor was the son of Thomas Taylor, an attorney of Ashbourne, in Derbyshire. Born in 1711, he was taught at Lichfield Grammar School, along with Johnson, by the Rev. John Hunter. Here a strong friendship developed between Taylor and Johnson. In 1728 Taylor went up to Oxford where, at his friend's persuasion, he entered Christ Church rather than Pembroke, because Johnson had been dissatisfied with the teaching there. At Christ Church, Taylor had the benefit of Edmund Bateman's instruction. Boswell tells us that Bateman's lectures were so informative that Johnson "used to come and get them at second hand from Taylor."[6] Taylor ultimately graduated, and in 1742 became a Master of Arts, in 1752 a Doctor of Laws.

His original intention was to become a lawyer like his father, and he may have practised law for some time after leaving Oxford. When his father died in 1731, Taylor had come into a considerable fortune. The following year he married Elizabeth Webb. There were no children by this marriage, but by all accounts it was a happy one, and we can judge from various comments that Mrs. Taylor was a competent wife.

Sometime between 1736 and 1740 Taylor was admitted to Holy Orders, and in the latter year he was presented to the rectory of Market Bosworth in Leicestershire. According to his biographer, this preferment was obtained by purchase.[7] The purchase of preferments, advowsons, and "next presentations" was not, of course, illegal in the eighteenth century; it was, in fact, very common. The real ecclesiastical scandal of the period, however, was the ease with which a parson might assume the office of spiritual head of several parishes without being resident in any one of them. Taylor was a real offender in this respect. In the words of his biographer:

> He is not known to have resided for any considerable length of time in any parish of which he was incumbent, and at the time of his death he held at least three if not more benefices, besides a prebend in the collegiate church of Westminster, and a chaplaincy to the Duke of Devonshire. In addition to the rectory of Market Bosworth he acquired a prebend of Westminster in 1746, the preachership of the chapel in the Broadway, Westminster, in 1748, the rectory of Lawford in Essex in 1751, the perpetual curacy of St. Botolph's, Aldersgate, in 1769, resigning the same in 1776, and the rectory of St. Margaret's, Westminster, in 1784. His desire for preferments was insatiable. A letter in 1742 from Johnson to him shows that he was expecting to obtain something considerable—a bishopric or deanery—through the offices of his patron, the Duke of Devonshire, who was at that time Lord Lieutenant of Ireland;

[6]Boswell, *Johnson*, I, 76.
[7]Thomas Taylor, *John Taylor*, 17.

in 1776 a letter from Johnson to Mrs. Thrale states that livings and preferments were running in his head as if he were in want with twenty children; in 1779 he was hoping for the deanery of Rochester; and in 1781 for that of Lincoln.[8]

In Taylor's day the practice of pluralism continued virtually unchecked, in spite of a statute, which had been in force since the Reformation, preventing the holding of more than one "benefice with cure of souls." This statute did not apply to cathedral dignities, which were benefices without cure of souls; and since, as one writer points out,

> the number of chaplains allowed to the several ranks of the peerage varied from the six of dukes and archbishops to the single chaplain allotted to the Lord Chief Justice and to the Warden of the Cinque Ports, the number of preferments necessary to satisfy the dignity of the nobility was very considerable. . . . The competition for prebends of the churches of Canterbury, St. Paul's, Westminster, and Windsor was so great that they were "sometimes more difficult to be had than a deanery." The chief cause of the zeal for the office of prebendary was that, whilst at Windsor the prebends were worth £450, at Canterbury £350, and at Westminster £300, according to George III's list, in the great majority of cases their duties were nominal, the discharge of the obligation to preach twice each year in the cathedral *aut per se aut per alium*.[9]

Taylor's secular honours and activities were likewise numerous and impressive. He owned extensive estates in both Ballidon and Ashbourne, and in 1767, he became a magistrate for the county of Derby. By this time, too, Taylor was, very likely, in the commission of the peace for the county of Leicester. He was financially interested in the manufacture of brassware. He reaped a rich harvest, we are told, by improving the methods of gilding, plating, and lacquering; and the town, following his lead, gilded common metal buttons which found a ready sale since they looked like brass or even like gold.[10] His friends among tradesmen included two retired innkeepers, a cheese factor, and two tanners.[11]

But his most engrossing activity was farming. In Johnson's letters from Ashbourne, where he frequently stayed in Taylor's great mansion, he makes repeated remarks about his host's enthusiasm for

[8] *Ibid.*, 18.

[9] A. S. Turberville, ed., *Johnson's England* (Oxford, 1933), I, 20–1. A racy account of "The Church Militant" is also given in T. H. White, *The Age of Scandal* (New York, 1950), 184ff., with statistical details of plural livings in eighteenth-century England. White quotes (p. 192) a letter from Thomas Gray on the subject of Dr. Plumptre, a typical pluralist who, when sitting for his portrait, prescribed the motto, *Non magna loquimur, sed vivimus*. Gray's translation was: "We don't say much, but we hold good livings."

[10] Turberville, *Johnson's England*, I, 236.

[11] *Ibid.*, I, 292. See also Boswell, *Johnson*, III, 504ff.

cattle and sheep breeding. "He is, in his usual way, very busy, getting a bull to his cows and a dog to his bitches. . . . Taylor is now going to have a ram; and then, after Aries and Taurus, we shall have Gemini."[12] Johnson does not mention the fact that Taylor was an acknowledged expert in deer as well as cattle raising. He jests about his host's pride in his champion bull. "The great bull has no disease but age. I hope in time to be like the great bull."[13]

Boswell treats us to several detailed descriptions of Taylor's opulent *ménage*.

> On Tuesday, March 26 [1776], there came for us an equipage properly suited to a wealthy well-beneficed clergyman:—Dr. Taylor's large roomy post-chaise, drawn by four stout plump horses, and driven by two steady jolly postillions, which conveyed us to Ashbourne; where I found my friend's schoolfellow living upon an establishment perfectly corresponding with his substantial creditable equipage: his house, garden, pleasure-grounds, table, in short every thing good, and no scantiness appearing. . . . [Taylor's] size, and figure, and countenance, and manner, were that of a hearty English 'Squire, with the parson super-induced: and I took particular notice of his upper servant, Mr. Peters, a decent grave man, in purple clothes, and a large white wig, like the butler or *major domo* of a Bishop.[14]

This account of Taylor's household is augmented by Mrs. Thrale's equally enthusiastic reaction. "Dr. Taylor took possession of us very kindly," she tells us.

> We went to Church, where Dr. Taylor has a magnificent seat; indeed everything around him is both elegant and splendid. He has many fine pictures which he does not understand the beauties of, a glorious Harpsichord which he sends for a young man out of the town to play upon, a waterfall murmuring at the foot of the garden, deer in his paddock, pheasants in his menagerie, the finest coach horses in the County, the largest horned cattle, I believe, in England, particularly a Bull of an enormous size, his table liberally spread, his wines all excellent in their kinds. . . . [15]

From other sources we learn that, on the south side of the mansion, Taylor had constructed a deer barn "which was built in a fanciful manner with battlements to remind Dr. Johnson of a similar building to which he had been accustomed when staying with him at Market

[12]Turberville, *Johnson's England*, I, 261. See also *Letters of Samuel Johnson*, ed. R. W. Chapman (Oxford, 1952), I, 244, 286–7.

[13]*Letters*, ed. Chapman, I, 257–8.

[14]Boswell, *Johnson*, II, 473–4. See also III, 157, 190, and 498–9; and IV, 378 and 548–9. Details of the mansion are given by Thomas Taylor, in *John Taylor*, 21–2 and 141 ff., and by its recent owner, Dr. E. A. Sadler, quoted in Boswell's *Johnson*, III, 498–9 and IV, 548 (appendices).

[15]A. M. Broadley, *Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale* (London, 1910), 64.

Bosworth."[16] The hall of the great house itself was adorned with marble columns. The mantel pieces were exquisitely carved, the plaster mouldings were fashioned by Italian sculptors, and the stone staircase leading from the hall to a balcony had a wrought-iron railing which supported the emblazoned shield of the arms of the Taylor family. Even Taylor's beer, we learn, "was reverently preserved in bottles bearing his crest," and was much enjoyed by the Duke of Devonshire and his friends when they visited Ashbourne.[17]

Boswell's description of Taylor is well supported by the only two available portraits of him, by Opie and Wright of Derby. Both indicate rubicund features, a double chin, and a total impression of monarchical well-being. The portrait by Wright gives him determined eyes and mouth and a broad forehead, but little sensitivity. Opie pictures him with a slightly impatient, disdainful expression and with more than a faint suggestion of dissipation. His build appears more than Johnsonian, his dress a trifle untidy, and his general air that of a successful potentate who would tolerate fools only at the risk of their own undoing.[18]

According to Boswell, Taylor had little sense of humour. The one witty remark he ever heard him pass arose from a discussion of Rochester's poems, which Johnson said he had given to Mr. Steevens "to castrate for the edition of the Poets, to which he was to write Prefaces. Dr. Taylor . . . observed, that 'if Rochester had been castrated himself, his exceptionable poems would not have been written.' " Boswell adds in a laconic footnote: "I am told, that Horace Earl of Orford has a collection of *Bons-Mots* by persons who never said but one."[19]

Taylor did not have everything his own way. His second marriage, to Mary Tuckfield, which occurred some time between 1746 and 1751, was disastrous. In 1763 she deserted him and went to live with her sister Elizabeth. Dr. Birkbeck Hill, the distinguished editor of Boswell, suggested that Taylor might have been unfaithful to his wife, but there is no evidence to support this idea. In the Chancery records for 1769–70 (*Taylor* v. *Tuckfield*) we are given the details of a suit in which Taylor petitioned the Lord Chancellor, alleging that his wife had received personalty amounting to £10,000 of which he, the petitioner, had not received his rightful third share. This suit includes evidence from Mrs. Taylor to the effect that her reason for leaving

[16]Thomas Taylor, *John Taylor*, 20.
[17]*Ibid.*, 22.
[18]The two portraits are in the possession of the Grant Duff family, descendants of Taylor. They are reproduced in Thomas Taylor's biography.
[19]Boswell, *Johnson*, III, 191, and n. 2.

her husband was that "she frequently received very personal ill usage from him which he continued notwithstanding she frequently made great complaints on that account and declared to him that she should be obliged for her own comfort and safety to leave him." She also stated that she had never agreed to go back to him, "being persuaded that he would treat her very ill."

Taylor's biographer is at pains to extenuate his subject's faults and to vindicate him against the charges made by Mrs. Taylor. All the same, there is little doubt that Taylor was cursed with a hasty and violent temper. His wife may have had good grounds for leaving him. That he could be obstinate and cross-grained is shown by the various lawsuits in which he was involved. That he was also generous and charitable is evident in his readiness to forgive his wife and in the provisions of the deed of separation whereby he allowed her £160 a year. Johnson had advised him strongly against what he considered to be "paying for her disobedience and elopement."[20]

In Ashbourne, Taylor had at least as many enemies as friends. By virtue of his fabulous entourage and boundless hospitality he earned the title "King of Ashbourne." For his genuine bounty and ready charity he received the respect of his fellow citizens. But he was not popular with the shopkeepers of the district or with the farmers of Market Bosworth. To the former he was continually in debt and towards the latter he found himself in the position of the hated titheholder. Rather than pay their tithe of milk to him, the farmers poured it down the drain. On the subject of his debts, there is a traditional story that Taylor once obtained some venison from a flesher at Sutton Park, near Chesterfield. Together with Johnson and some other guests he was sitting down to make a meal of it in the great dining hall at the Mansion, when an agent of the flesher thrust his way into the presence of the diners. "Without needless preliminary," goes the account, "the obtruder demanded payment [for the venison]. The Doctor sharply told him to go about his business, using the language of the squire rather than that of the parson. Determined not to be worsted in the encounter, the agent deftly and unobserved twisted the table cloth round his hand, and just as the objurgations reached a climax, swiftly turned round as if to leave the room, and brought down dishes, plates, venison and all, with a great crash on the floor."[21]

Taylor was certainly more of the squire than the parson. Johnson confided to Boswell: "I do not suppose he is very fond of my com-

[20]Thomas Taylor, *John Taylor*, 24. See also Boswell, *Johnson*, I, 472–3, and *Letters*, ed. Chapman, I, 154–8, 159–60, 162–3, 167–8.
[21]Thomas Taylor, *John Taylor*, 70.

pany. His habits are by no means sufficiently clerical: this he knows that I see; and no man likes to live under the eye of perpetual disapprobation."[22] Johnson's letters from Ashbourne refer so often to the fact that his host is neglecting him that we may suppose his fears to have been well grounded. There is even a pathetic note in some of Johnson's direct appeals to his friend. In a letter dated April 12, 1784, he asks Taylor why he has not heard from him. Mentioning his infirmities, he begs him not to forget him: "Do not omit giving me the comfort of knowing, that after all my losses I have yet a friend left."[23]

Taylor's attitude to Johnson was usually cordial, yet often, because of the enormous differences between them, it appeared unsympathetic. When Johnson was staying at Ashbourne, Taylor would often leave him to his own devices from breakfast till dinner. "I have no company," Johnson complains in a letter to Boswell. "The Doctor is busy in his fields, and goes to bed at nine, and his whole system is so different from mine, that we seem formed for different elements."[24] On many other occasions Johnson expresses his profound boredom with the uniformity of the Ashbourne regimen. "I have here little company and little amusement, and thus abandoned to the contemplation of my own miseries, I am sometimes gloomy and depressed . . . "[25]: this to Dr. Brocklesby in August 1784. "I have no company here, and shall naturally come home hungry for conversation": this in September of the same year. "Everything is very liberally provided for me but conversation."[26] The essence of his complaint is everywhere the same.

What was true of Taylor's attitude to Johnson in the last year of his life was also true of his almost incredible callousness when his friend was dying. Instead of offering comfort or assistance, he sent a note to Johnson advising him to abstain from full meals. In reply, in the last letter Johnson ever sent him, the ailing man wrote: "Coming down from a very restless night I found your letter which made me a little angry. You tell me that recovery is in my power. This indeed I should be glad to hear, if I could once believe it. But you mean to charge me with neglecting or opposing my own health. Tell me therefore what I do that hurts me, and what I neglect that would help me. Tell it as soon as you can. . . . Answer the first part of this letter immediately."[27] In his reply, Taylor quoted the words of advice Johnson himself had given to Mr. Thrale when the latter was dying: "After the denunciation of your Physicians this morning, such eating

[22]Boswell, *Johnson*, III, 181.
[23]*Ibid.*, IV, 270.
[24]*Ibid.*, III, 504.
[25]*Ibid.*, IV, 356.
[26]*Ibid.*, IV, 365.
[27]*Letters*, ed. Chapman, III, 240–1.

is little better than Suicide."[28] The tactlessness of this warning to Johnson is underlined by what Boswell tells us in his account of the final days in the great man's life, when he had to be persuaded to eat anything at all.

It has been suggested that Johnson's deep resentment of this untimely advice may account for the absence of Taylor's name in his will. Boswell's name, however, was also omitted, for which we have this explanation in the *Life*, with its faint flavour of rationalization: ". . . as he was very near his dissolution at the time, he probably mentioned such [names] as happened to occur to him; and . . . he may have recollected, that he had formerly shewn others such proofs of his regard, that it was not necessary to crowd his Will with their names."[29] In any event, Johnson was extremely vexed with Taylor for treating his illness so cavalierly. He had regarded him as a friend in need (witness his call to Taylor for help when his wife died), and in the hour of greatest need his friend had failed him.

At the funeral of Johnson, Taylor read the burial service. In an editorial note to the *Life* we are told that there was much criticism of the conduct of the funeral, and Dr. Charles Burney, junior, in a letter written the day after, describes Taylor's reading of the service as "so-so."[30] Taylor also conducted the subsequent negotiations for the erection of a memorial to his illustrious friend.

In the light of all that has been said about the incompatibility of the interests and intellects of the two men, and of the obvious indifference that Taylor displayed towards Johnson, it is difficult to discover a motive for the continuation of their odd association. Perhaps no real motive existed. Or there may be a psychological explanation. Just as we are supposed to hate our own faults in others, we may be disposed to admire those qualities in others which we lack in ourselves. Johnson undoubtedly admired his friend's physical energy. He praised the acuteness of his mind and the strength of his understanding. He told Boswell that Taylor "had great activity in some respects, and yet such a sort of indolence, that if you should put a pebble upon his chimney-piece, you would find it there, in the same state, a year afterwards."[31] In his turn, Taylor told Boswell that he admired Johnson for his very clear head, his great power of words, and a very gay imagination. "But," he added, "there is no disputing

[28]*Thraliana*, ed. K. C. Balderston (Oxford, 1951), I, 488. See also *ibid.*, II, 629, for an interesting discussion of the controversy surrounding Johnson's warning to Thrale.

[29]Boswell, *Johnson*, IV, 404–5.

[30]J. Johnstone, *The Works of Samuel Parr* (London, 1828), I, 535.

[31]Boswell, *Johnson*, III, 138.

with him. He will not hear you, and having a louder voice than you, must roar you down."[32]

The two temperaments clashed now and then, and Johnson did not do all the roaring. It will be remembered that he entertained very positive views about Whigs, and Taylor was a Whig. Once Johnson had remarked: "I do not like much to see a Whig in any dress. But I hate to see a Whig in a parson's gown."[33] In a hot argument with Taylor on the subject of the popular attitude in England to the royal family of Stuart, which Boswell reports for us, he went so far as to say " 'that if England were fairly polled, the present King would be sent away to-night, and his adherents hanged to-morrow.' Taylor, who was as violent a Whig as Johnson was a Tory, was roused by this to a pitch of bellowing. He denied, loudly, what Johnson said; and maintained, that there was an abhorrence against the Stuart family, though he admitted that the people were not so much attached to the present King."[34] Johnson went on to argue that popular loyalty to the king had diminished to the point of indifference. People, he said, would not *pay* to restore the exiled house of Stuart. But if it were a mere matter of a vote, twenty to one would be in favour of restoring the Stuarts, largely on the ground of their hereditary rights. The argument then subsided.

Most of their disagreements appear to have been about minor matters. Both Johnson and Boswell found Taylor's tendency to overrate his own possessions a little irritating. All his geese were swans, Boswell tells us, and all his greatest efforts seemed to be directed towards the rearing of bigger and better bulls.

Perhaps what irritated and perplexed Johnson more than anything about his friend was the manner in which he neglected the functions of his sacred calling. He once said to his college friend, Edwards: "The life of a parson, of a conscientious clergyman, is not easy. . . . No, Sir, I do not envy a clergyman's life as an easy life, nor do I envy the clergyman who makes it an easy life."[35] Here, unmistakably, is an implicit criticism of Taylor. Yet, in many ways, Johnson aided and abetted his friend in making his life an easy one. According to Boswell's testimony, he composed many of Taylor's sermons for him. Again, there is no record of Johnson's having taken Taylor to task for his inordinate preoccupation with his farming interests to the detriment of his parochial duties. Although he remonstrated with his friend in a half-hearted way on the subject of his epicurean living,

[32]*Ibid.*, III, 150.
[33]*Ibid.*, V, 255 (*Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*).
[34]*Ibid.*, III, 156.
[35]*Ibid.*, III, 304.

and looked upon his excessively secular habits with "the eye of perpetual disapprobation," he gladly accepted the bounty of his table and the hospitality of his palatial home.

There was one outstanding reason for Johnson's regard for Taylor, transcending the many shortcomings which have been mentioned. It has already been noted that, in time of extremity, illness, and misfortune, Johnson appealed to his friend for spiritual aid. His fears and anxieties about death and the hereafter are well known, both through his own more intimate writings, such as the *Prayers and Meditations*, and through his recorded conversations. Taylor, on the other hand, had what seems to have been a serene attitude to death, and this might account for the fact that he was, apparently, less moved by the death of his friend than most of the others who were close to Johnson in his ebbing years. Johnson once remarked that he would prefer a state of torment after death to that of annihilation. Taylor was disturbed by this statement, for "coming from a person of [Johnson's] weight and character, it might be productive of evil consequences."[36] Johnson then asked Taylor to arrange his thoughts on the subject. The result was Taylor's *Letter to Samuel Johnson on the Subject of the Future State*, which won much applause and condemnation in literary periodicals of the day.[37]

It has been suggested that there is evidence of Johnson's thought and style in this letter,[38] but substantially the arguments seem to be Taylor's own. Death, he writes, is the great disturber of human quiet. Religion offers an explanation of death which should calm the troubled mind. Death, in fact, is simply a change in the manner of life, a change from relative darkness to the light of God's revelation. Taylor argues from the mortality of matter to the immortality of the soul, and shows how Christ's example proves the reality of resurrection. The present life, he continues, is a state of probation, in which the only restraint is the hope of rewards or the fear of punishments. If the nature of the future state and of these rewards and punishments were known to man here and now, many human beings would be tempted to commit suicide. Such knowledge, indeed, would invalidate the necessity of faith. A righteous life will lead naturally to the transition of the earthly to the heavenly state. The day of judgment, then, for the righteous, will be a day of rejoicing.

In this letter, which is merely a summary of Taylor's arguments in

[36]*Ibid.*, II, 296.

[37]In particular, the *Monthly Review*, 1788, I, 83, and the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1787, p. 873, and 1788, p. 37.

[38]R. W. Chapman, "Dr. Johnson and Dr. Taylor," *Review of English Studies*, II, 2 (1926), 338–9.

favour of the soul's immortality and of a future state, we have a substantial clue to the main reason for Johnson's affection and regard for Taylor. However shallow and wordly he may have been, Taylor possessed an invincible faith in God's purposes and in the reality of the hereafter. Johnson, on the other hand, entertained—in spite of his public declarations to the contrary—a gnawing private doubt about the immortality of the human spirit. His friend's good sense and encouraging optimism probably acted as a refreshing antidote to the corrosive poison of fear.

There is plenty of evidence to show that Taylor was a man of firm opinions. We are told that he could preach with great vigour on occasion;[39] and in the sermons which he left for publication after his death there are repeated examples of his earnest faith and courageous forthrightness.[40] These were the qualities which Johnson would admire most of all.

We come to the conclusion, then, that Taylor was Johnson's closest friend, in spite of the fact that their interests and capacities were not allied. The English squire-cum-parson,with his broad worldliness and his staunch Whig partisanship, offered the great moralist the solution he sought to the most deeply perplexing problem of his life. In the words of the Rambler himself, "a long life may be passed without finding a friend in whose understanding and virtue we can equally confide, and whose opinion we can value at once for its justness and sincerity."[41] Of all the circle of Johnson's friends, Taylor, with all his faults, came nearest to this ideal.

[39]Boswell, *Johnson*, III, 182, and Thomas Taylor, *John Taylor*, 51.

[40]The authorship of these sermons has been attributed to Johnson, but some of them are, fairly obviously, of Taylor's own composition.

[41]*The Rambler*, No. 28.

Letters in Canada: 1953

Edited by J. R. MacGillivray

WE here present the nineteenth annual survey of "Letters in Canada," the first since 1947 which has not been divided between the April and July issues of the QUARTERLY. Last year we first omitted the bibliographical lists which had previously accompanied the critical surveys. The reason was that the publication of *Canadiana* by the Canadian Bibliographic Centre at Ottawa made the continuation of that part of our work unnecessary. *Canadiana* is supplied free to all libraries in Canada and may be subscribed for at two dollars a year through the Queen's Printer, Ottawa. One other omission, a highly regrettable one: there is no section on drama this year. The amount of published dramatic writing has usually been very small, apparently having little relation to the vigorous life of the little-theatre groups and the market which the C.B.C. provides for radio drama. Until the situation changes we may plan to notice dramatic publication only every second year.

The editor would again express his thanks to all who have contributed to this survey: to the publishers of Canadian books for their continuing co-operation; to Miss M. J. Houston, Assistant Editor of the University Press, for her work in assembling and distributing the volumes; and to our reviewers who again have taken on this extra work at the most harassing time of the academic year.

I. POETRY — NORTHROP FRYE

The technical development of a modern lyrical poet is normally from obscurity to simplicity. As long as he is writing primarily for himself, his thought will be rooted in private associations, images which are linked to ideas through his own hidden and unique memory. This is not his fault: he can write only what takes shape in his mind. It is his job to keep on writing and not get stuck at that point, above all not to rationalize any failure to advance by asserting that one must write this way in an unpoetic age. It is the critic's job to tell him and the public that whatever his stuff means, it sounds genuine enough. Then he is likely to pass through a social, allegorical, or metaphysical phase, an awkward and painful phase for all concerned. Finally, a mysterious but unmistakable ring of authority begins to come into his writing, and simultaneously the texture

simplifies, meaning and imagery become transparent, and the poetry becomes a pleasure instead of a duty to read. It takes a heroic supply of talent, practice, patience, and courage to get to that point. The process cannot of course be hurried by an act of will, but it can be affected by the environment. It was much easier to mature in England thirty years ago than to mature in America now, for example, no doubt because of all the adolescent fixations in American life. A glance at any American anthology reveals a series of poets who have progressed from gargle to Guggenheim in six easy volumes, and have still not seriously exploited their own resources. The number of such underdeveloped lyrical poets has created the illusion that the various stages of development are actually outposts. Every once in a while, however, we run across a poet who reminds us that when the lyrical impulse reaches maturity of expression, it is likely to be, as most lyrical poetry has always been, lilting in rhythm, pastoral in imagery, and uncomplicated in thought.

Patrick Anderson's *The Colour as Naked* (McClelland & Stewart, 93 pp., $2.75) is the work of a poet who is approaching maturity of expression, and who has shown himself to be, I think, essentially a poet in the pastoral tradition, the tradition of Wordsworth and of so many unpretentious but highly durable English poets of the previous generation. The influence of Auden has helped to give lightness and drive to his rhythm; the influence of Dylan Thomas ("my generation's genius," Mr. Anderson calls him, and certainly the greatest contemporary pastoral poet) has helped to give power and richness of feeling to his imagery. Bits of the cocoon of his apprenticeship cling to him here and there: he writes with conviction when he is the only person in his world, but the impact of "social significance" is usually disastrous. "The Lecturer as Prufrock" unites two of the most unnecessary ideas in literature, a parody of Eliot and a satire on the intellectual; "The Junior Class" is creaky and wooden; "Dialectics" belongs to that dreary metaphysical interregnum from which poetry now seems to be slowly recovering, and the closing "Ballad of a Young Man" is a fine and eloquent poem which deflates into bathos as soon as society appears over the horizon. Again, there is a telltale formula of "the adjective noun of noun" type, where the first noun is usually concrete and the second abstract, which most poets are unconscious of using (though many bad poets use practically nothing else), but which is very frequently the sign of undigested allegory, a perfunctory hitching of image to idea that marks incomplete craftsmanship. I find "their seas of risk," "the white horse of her bed," "the pretty architecture of our pleasure," "the columns of a cold and violent

newspaper sky," "the firm and muscular body of faith," and (to make an end) "that island littoral of your eyes' bird brightened canopies," mostly in the less successful poems. But there is remarkably little fogged-up writing: even the words which seem to have a private significance for the poet, such as "long" and "green," obscure nothing in the meaning.

All of which prepares one to say that *The Colour as Naked* is delightful to read and is recommended without reservation. Over and over again, in the "Song of Intense Cold," in "The Ball," reminiscent of Rilke in both theme and rhythm, in "A Monkey in Malaya," with its octosyllabic couplet that picks up the appropriate echoes of Vaughan and Marvell and with its Rousseau-like tropical stylization, in "The Strange Bird," in the dazzling verbal patterns of the sestina and the six songs, and perhaps too in the lively narrative of the "Ode to Haydon"—in these and many other places we feel that the poet "brings it off." That is, the imagination has tamed fancy: conceits which would be only highbrow wisecracks in inferior writing have fused into a form that can only be called inevitable, the way it should be. The "Song of Intense Cold" begins:

> One night when the stars are exploding like nails
> comes Zero himself with his needle,
> an icicle full of the cold cocaine
> but as tall as the glittering steeple
> that pins us down in the town.

We recognize at once that if the phrase "exploding like nails" says nothing to common sense it says exactly the right thing to the poetic sense. Similarly with the drowsy blurring of images in "An Apple before Bedtime":

> eating a last slow apple: Keep still, keep still,
> rose coal not fall from fire nor murmur
> dogs on their paws of dream nor ever
> lamp flare. . . .

Many of the most effective poems are based on a quiet conversational tone—again I should call it a pastoral idiom—with a beautifully controlled melody that does not try too hard for ingenuity either in sound or in meaning. Sometimes, as in "A Seaside Fragment," one feels that there are too many lines, certainly too many run-on lines, before we finally come to what we are waiting for:

> But suddenly there swells
> the sea's big muscle, suddenly the air
> darkens and it is later and strangely cold.

Elsewhere we are conscious only of the kind of weight that good writing can achieve when the discipline of a great tradition gets behind it:

> The bitter rain is in the wind
> and something older than the rain, or cloud
> frayed from the night-packed West and closing down
> on the vast continent of fields, the wires
> of many fences and their moaning shreds
> and many eave-ends and their waving cries
> (low crying in the child's ear as his hair
> clips to his head—and then the flowers pour
> away from him, and the melancholy sheep
> stand in the wind with thistles in their curls
> and the water is affrighted). Then the tree
> comes in upon one, blows.

Not all the book is on that level, but the point is that it *is* a level, a quality of writing and not a self-conscious rhetorical stunt. It compels us to admire, not Mr. Anderson's dexterity or skill or other such precarious qualities, but simply his actual achievement.

The poems in Douglas Le Pan's *The Net and the Sword* (Clarke Irwin, 56 pp., $2) are based on his experiences with the Canadian Army in Italy, and are, as one would expect, elegiac in tone. The title poem indicates a complex pattern of imagery—I should call it symbolism if that were not so restrictive a word—which runs through the whole book and ramifies and modulates into every poem. A fight between two gladiators, one armed with a sword and shield and the other with a net and trident, was a common feature in the Roman arena. Generally the net man won. In Mr. Le Pan's book the sword is the symbol of the young Canadian invader, with his smooth rifle-barrels and straight back, the "bronze rigidity" of his discipline showing a will not so much to conquer as to clean up the mess. He seeks the sun and the clear light, gorges on persimmons and the wine of the country, and preserves a vague hope that he is somehow part of a crusade. Against him is the net: first of all the net the technique of modern war forces on him, of "telephone wires, tank-traps, minefields," of camouflage and "the vehicles that sulked under leafy nettings," then the sinister entanglement of ruin and misery that war leaves behind it, and finally the sense of Italy itself as a huge stomach digesting, like a jungle, the havoc wrought by every invader whether he be "Visigoth or Canadian." What the sword is trying to cut through to is some vision of Paradisal peace and contentment which one gets fleeting glimpses of in Italy even in war, a vision identical with "Skating at Scarborough, summers at the Island," the cor-

responding vision of peace brought by the soldier with him from home:

> From untarnished lakes and rivers,
> Lakes of sweet water, skies of unsullied godhead.

Meanwhile the contrast between the soft Italian night and its "peacock train of stars" and the deadly illumination of shell-bursts is all that is so far apparent of the "fruition born of elected action." The failure to achieve anything more than a dumb misery brings the poet back to the central image of his previous volume, the wounded body imprisoned in its own net, the labyrinth of nerves and bowels from which only a futile and wistful tenderness can emerge:

> Corrupted
> Our lungs breathe out a new heaven of pity and concern.

The larger implications of this imagery are suggested only by a small but remarkable tucked-in poem called "Idyll": the main poems, "Tuscan Villa," "Meditation after an Engagement," "Field of Battle," and "Elegy in the Romagna" deal with the foreground battle-symbols.

One obvious comment, that the horror of battle is somewhat strangled in fine writing, needs to be qualified by the fact that the muffling of shock and the numbing of pain in the midst of intense beauty form one of the poet's themes, and a part of his "net" imagery. In "An Incident," for example, the dissolving of a shot soldier's body into a decorative landscape is precisely the irony the poet intends. Besides, the poems are not battlepieces but elegies, meditations on war recollected in tranquillity. Nevertheless one is at times baffled by the complications of the style: in "Meditation after an Engagement," for instance, which ought to be, and to some extent is, emotionally a key poem, one becomes irritably aware of a barbed-wire entanglement of rhyme—more exactly, an eight-line stanza rhyming *abbcaddc*. (The next poem, "The Lost Crusader," is in an elaborate canzone stanza rhyming, so help me, *abcadcdbc*.) However, the rhymes here are not disturbing in themselves, as they tend to be at the end of "One of the Regiment," for instance, where "trumpet-tell" and "style" are two weak ones. One objects rather to a certain self-consciousness in the writing, marked by such phrases as "the white caesura that stripped down longings" or "eyelids that fleur-de-lis the dark," to forced inversions of the "castles builds" type, and to some difficulties with digesting the explicit statement, as at the end of "Reconnaissance in Early Light," though the existence of such dif-

ficulties is a good sign, as it indicates that the poet has a genuine lyrical sense.

These lapses are noted only because the general level of the writing is good enough to make them show up. No poem in the book is bad, or even unsuccessful. The style as a whole is sonorous and eloquent; long lines vary easily with short ones; passages of pentameters are skilfully broken by short-line lyrics, and the variation of vowel-sounds and consonants is delicate and at times deeply moving. One experiences the thrill of response to authentic craftsmanship in the rhythm of:

> Delicately dawn will come with a garland of headlines—
> But not to sensitive retinas damaged;

or of:

> Cruel snows can hardly bear such lightness,
> Deftness;

or the dreamy melting of sounds and shapes in:

> For seas are skies and skies are seas, where float
> Cool swansdown clouds that sundown has subdued.
> Shadowed the snow about a swan's white throat;
> The daylight melts; slowly they drift and brood;

or the subtlety of:

> Till I wonder if it is they that please me, or the thought
> Of myself years on, remembering the light through the fig-tree,

where the strange working of the will to survive in the middle of the most lethal dangers is very accurately caught. The book is full of such pleasant surprises, but, as with Mr. Anderson, its more solid virtues are the important ones. The main impression one derives from it is produced by the poetry itself, not by the felicities it picks up in passing. One remembers its essence, the poetic assimilation of intense experience by a thoughtful and sensitive mind. The imaginative sword has cut its way through all the nets of verbal cleverness, heavy moralizing, and ready-made melodrama that beset the poet struggling with so oppressive a subject.

Ronald Hambleton's *Object and Event* (Ryerson, 38 pp., $2.50) begins with a series of vignettes of Canadian life, more particularly urban life. They are Audenesque in tone and technique, with light-verse stanzaic patterns and lively crackling rhymes. There is erudition as well as observation—the first poem is in the convention of a disillusioned "answer" to Marlowe's "Come Live with Me"—and the author is equally good both at assonance and at the rhyme of mono-

syllable against suffix which has the effect of a disappointment-rhyme:

> This man knows history,
> And facts don't lie;
> He steps on graves now
> None too gently.

The main theme is the contrast between the world of civilized "objects," geometrical, ugly, inhuman, and sterile, and the world of human "events," that pass away as soon as they come with all the pathos of time. The feeling expressed by the phrase "radar of indifference," the sense of the city as full of eyes that stare but never see, is perhaps the most vividly conveyed mood. The style is epigrammatic, and in epigram the poet throws harpoons while the reader amiably pretends to be a pachyderm and tests them for sharpness. If they are not sharp, however, they fall with a dull thud, and are felt to be pointless because they should have a point. "The Criminal" and "At the Asylum" are pointless in this sense: we get a reporter's commonplaces instead of the distinctive poignancy that we look for in poetry. This is true even of the more elaborate "The Little Theatre," as it takes more than puns to produce wit:

> We of the Land of Third-Big-Week
> Never know how to act;
> We welcome the fiction within our clique
> But never the ugly fact.

The second part of the book has less of the clarity of the first: nearly every poem has a fine phrase or image buried in mixed metaphors and didacticisms, as though the whole poem were only a pretext to communicate some crucial part. One approaches each poem like a berry-picker, extracting a bit of colour, beauty, and form from a thorny tangle of words. In "Ancient Priest," for instance, we find:

> knowing as a hound that hobbles
> Droopingly doorward when an outward step fills
> His serviced ears . . .

which is very lovely, though I get only a vague and diffused impression of the ancient priest himself. In the following stanza from "In Bed,"

> As if our duality
> Had eclipsed my self,
> And by some agility
> Kept acres pressed
> For our interest
> Into the sweet gulf
> Of your lips and breast.

the accuracy of the first two lines makes one try to believe, unsuccessfully, that the rest of the stanza is not the arid gibberish it seems to be. "Sockeye Salmon" has a theme as potentially moving as that of, say, Baudelaire's albatross, but it talks itself away into fuzziness. However, we judge a poet by his best things, and in the last two poems in the book, "After-Dinner Sleep" and "Nocturnal," there is a consistent attempt to fill the whole poem with clarity and sincere feeling. One is based on Eliot's *Gerontion* and the other on a poem of Donne's, but both are, probably for that very reason, thoroughly original. It is well worth struggling through pages of fugitive glimmers to get to something as articulate as the image of the gulls in the former poem, or, in the other, of:

> The nightingale, the breath of spring,
> The footsteps that in winter ring,
> Are bells that cry as sinners sing. . . .
>
> In ether rolls the idle ball,
> Its firmness we doubt not at all,
> But if it fell, how far a fall!

There are not many other serious books of verse this year. *Love the Conqueror Worm*, by Irving Layton (Contact Press, 49 pp., $1.50), consists very largely of what one has come to recognize as Laytonese—forced language and flaccid rhythm—but at the beginning of the book there are a few poems with some freshness and originality. The reader is not only encouraged, but looks forward to seeing an even better book next year. "The Perverse Gulls" has wit rather than mere facetiousness; "Cemetery in August" and "A Vision" are genuine epigrams, and "The Death of Moishe Lazarovitch" has a poignancy that is sustained to its close:

> I do not know how they lifted him up
> Or held the vessel near their mourning silk,
> But their going was like a roar of flames
> And Matter sang in my ears like poured milk.

All My Brothers, by J. S. Wallace (New Frontiers, n. p.), illustrated with lino-cuts by Karl Rix, is verse in a familiar Communist idiom, sometimes laboured, especially in the Yanks-go-home passages, sometimes corny, especially in the concessions to such non-political poetic themes as making love, but sometimes also crisp and precise. It derives much of its strength from the sheer intensity of the Marxist view of the capitalist world:

> Praise God from whom all blessings flow
> Provided it's the God we know
> Who sends us gushers fat with oil
> To keep our hands unspoilt by toil.

Such poetry acquired illegitimate virtues twenty years ago from the masochism of bourgeois intellectuals; it acquires illegitimate obloquy now that the masochism has turned in a different direction. It is most important to keep the tone of genuine anger and contempt at hypocrisy alive in our poetry, no matter where it comes from or for what motives it is uttered.

Two anthologies appeared last year: *Canadian Poems 1850–1952* (Contact Press, 160 pp., $1.50), by Dudek and Layton, and *Twentieth-Century Canadian Poetry* (Ryerson, 169 pp., $4), by Earle Birney. Both, with their explanatory notes and their cautious introductions, seem to be aimed at the high school trade. The former is the better book: the editors have obviously tried to avoid the hackneyed and yet to include nothing that they did not themselves believe to be reputable poetry. The result is a collection representing fresh insights and discoveries, well worth examining. The Birney anthology also has its virtues, but it seems deliberately over-simplified: it contains a number of poems that the editor could not possibly have believed to be very good, and must therefore have included because he thought his readers would think they were good.

Of the naïve verse, the most ambitious effort is a narrative poem in fifteen cantos, *The House of Orseoli* (Manchester, Me., Falmouth Publishing House, 98 pp.), by Laurence Dakin. It tells the story of a dynasty of tenth-century Venetian doges, and is written in a six-line stanza with an unrhymed tetrameter in the middle. The idiom is that of the less introspective Romantic narratives of the *Revolt of Islam* type. Like most poems with ingenious stanzaic structures, the writing is full of metrical putty—doubled phrases and the like. The story is very evenly divided into parts of exactly the same length; a reviewer in another Canadian academic journal remarked that "the architectonics of the poem challenge comparison with the symmetrical structure of Dante's *Divine Comedy*." In my opinion this is an overstatement. . . . There are two Ryerson chap-books. Dr. Sherwood Fox offers a poetic paraphrase of Cicero's *De Amicitia* (Ryerson, 14 pp., $1) in quatrains of the *In Memoriam abba* type. It is an interesting idea, and one wishes that the poetic language employed had been less hackneyed, freshness of language being obviously necessary to rescue the platitudes in which, as Dr. Fox rightly says, Cicero mainly deals. R. A. Rashley's *Portrait and Other Poems* (Ryerson, 8 pp., $1) is in free verse, some of it rhymed, and exhibits the typical difficulty of free verse, which is that of giving a real spring to the rhythm of the sentence, so that the lines do not merely stumble awkwardly over a rocky path of subject, predicate, object, modifiers. "People" and "Hollow

in the Wheat and Blackbirds" get away to some freedom of movement. Mr. Arthur Bourinot's *This Green Earth* (Carillon Poetry Chapbooks, 52 pp.) exhibits a good deal of Mr. Bourinot's trade mark, the very short line that ranges from a single syllable to three or four beats. In "Sun Flowers" there is some fresh imagery, in "Paul Bunyan" some rhythm, and in "Snow Anthology" there is a real idea, if somewhat attenuated in treatment. There is some genuine feeling in another green book, Gilean Douglas' *Now the Green Word* (Mill Valley, Calif., Wings Press, 56 pp., $2). The writing is commonplace but always carefully modulated, and there are a few phrases which, as is usual in this type of poetry, look better out of context:

> Morass flowers outshine the light;
> Moss is deeper than the night.

A Morning Mood, by Lorene Frances Milliken (Carillon Poetry Chapbooks, 12 pp.) contains a very curious poem called "Duomo":

> Emit
> Time's hours
> At moontide's noon
> With Elysium's melodies entuned
> Padrone.

Most of the more technically competent naïve verse produced every year is based on the theory that certain subjects or themes are inherently poetical: that the poet who aims at beauty should search in his memory for pleasurable experiences, and then use words as a charm to recall them. As the main function of the words is to stimulate the reader to remember a parallel experience of his own, the actual quality of the writing does not matter: it is enough for it to be cadenced in a familiar and unobtrusive way. This is the nostalgia theory of poetry, corresponding to the picturesque theory of painting. It is, of course, all wrong, but many people think it right, and this is a free country. It is often accompanied by a querulous sense of the disapproval of some reptilian intellectuals or moderns, who think beauty old-fashioned and want everything to be as bleak and obscure as possible. Often, too, its claims are endorsed by critics, including some who ought to know better, who classify it in a "conservative" or "romantic" school. It is, however, purely and simply the doggerel school, and one of its most skilful practitioners in Canada is Edna Jaques, whose *The Golden Road* (Thomas Allen, 86 pp., $1.25) appears in this year's production.

I call Miss Jaques skilful because there is no nonsense about her, no queasy aspirations for all this and poetry too. The opening lines

of her book indicate her mastery of the central technical device of nostalgic verse, a list of reminders or stimuli, vigorously checked off one after the other:

> The strong clean smell of yellow soap,
> A farmer plowing with a team,
> The taste of huckleberry pie,
> A pan of milk with wrinkled cream.

Poem after poem exhibits a similar shopping-list sequence: "Mended Things," "Keepsakes," "Drug Store Smells," occasionally varied by a phrase that shows a sharp awareness of what she is doing:

> There is a sweet nostalgic charm,
> About an old Ontario farm,
> That pulls your heart strings all awry,
> A clean breath taking sweep of sky
> An old grey barn built on a knoll . . .

and so on through another inventory. The tone of her writing is equally central to her approach. The psychologists have made us familiar with the disasters wrought by unpleasant and repressed memories; they have naturally said much less about the memories we select, the smoothly edited and censored transcript of wholesome food, happy children, simple virtues, and, of course, mother dear, which plays such a large part in keeping us adjusted. Miss Jaques' rule is never to stop flattering the selective memory:

> Beneath the fire's lovely light,
> Faces take on a softer look,
> And little children from our street,
> Look like gay pictures in a book. . . .
>
> To lift the dull and commonplace
> Into a realm of love and grace.

No, if this kind of thing is worth writing, Miss Jaques is certainly the person who knows best how to write it, and all our poets who are ambitious of belonging to the "conservative" or "romantic" school should learn about nostalgia from her.

II. FICTION — CLAUDE T. BISSELL

Since the year under review yields little that calls for detailed critical attention, this is an appropriate time to pause and to look back briefly on the way that Canadian fiction has come.

The nineteenth century left behind no tradition of excellence in fiction, but it told us emphatically about the types of fiction that came most easily to our writers and had the strongest appeal for our reading public. These types were the historical romance and the domestic romance. Modern novelists have diligently cultivated both types, usually with more enthusiasm than success. Only two have consistently achieved success: Thomas Raddall in the historical romance and Mazo de la Roche in the domestic romance. What we might call "the new Canadian novel" was shaped in the twenties and thirties of this century, principally by Grove and Callaghan, who, dissimilar in most respects, agreed in this: that the novel was a serious art form and that it should strive to present a tragic version of man in a realistic social environment. A little later, Grove and Callaghan were joined in the good work of establishing the Canadian novel as a serious work of art by Child and MacLennan.

These six writers—Raddall, de la Roche, Grove, Callaghan, Child, and MacLennan—are the major figures in Canadian fiction. There is no reason why we should not expect from any of the five who are still living some lively and dramatic changes of direction. Indeed, Thomas Raddall made an abrupt change two years ago with *The Nymph and the Lamp* and this year persists in the same course in *Tidefall*. And even Miss de la Roche, the oldest and, presumably, the most solidly entrenched of the group, is not always predictable. But I have come to look for new directions among writers not so well established, most of whom have written only one novel. The group would include: Ethel Wilson, now by far the senior with three novels to her credit, each one an advance on the other; Sinclair Ross, W. L. Mitchell, Henry Kreisel, Christine Van der Mark, Louella Creighton, and Ernest Buckler. These writers do not make up a school, nor have they influenced each other to any extent. None the less, they have in common two general characteristics that tell us something about the probable direction our better fiction will take. The first of these is an acceptance and reinterpretation of regionalism so as to make it not an excuse for sentiment and moral uplift but an opportunity for the patient and loving exploration of what is familiar. The second characteristic is the recognition that the principal business of a novelist is to examine meticulously the relations between a group of human beings and to let social or moral significance emerge by implication. These two characteristics were admirably illustrated in the two best novels of last year—Ethel Wilson's *The Equations of Love* and Ernest Buckler's *The Mountain and the Valley*.

What makes this year a particularly disappointing one is that it has

produced no real addition to the story of Canadian fiction. There are three first novels in which the writers have a seriousness of purpose and a concentration of point of view that mark them off from the ordinary run. But none of these writers has a convincing command over his material. The most adventurous in technique is Norman Levine's *The Angled Road* (McClelland & Stewart, 158 pp., $2.75), which is about a young Canadian airman in the Second World War and the impact of his experiences in England, both military and amatory, on his relations with his family and on his own spiritual development. Levine ranges back and forth in time, shifts his point of view from subjective "I" to objective "he," but writes with such simplicity that he never confuses, or, for that matter, excites the reader. The book leaves the impression of an interesting but not genuinely distinguished diary, given a slight fictional framework. The second novel is H. Gordon Green's *The Praying Mantis* (Fredericton, Brunswick Press, 309 pp., $3). Far more conventionally designed than *The Angled Road*, it has a complicated mechanism of plot that sets off a violent explosion of surprise and horror in the last chapter. *The Praying Mantis* has some of the qualities that distinguish the best recent fiction. It has some regional flavour—the setting is a rural district in eastern Ontario, near the Quebec border—and it attempts to untangle some complex human relations. But the style and the structure cannot carry the weight of twisted emotion: what might have been a convincingly terrifying study of religious mania and sadism deviates into melodrama.

The third of these novels and the best is E. M. Richardson's *Desired Haven* (Ryerson, x, 286 pp., $3.50). Mrs. Richardson will be remembered for her earlier book, *We Keep a Light*, in which she told about life on a little island off the southern tip of Nova Scotia where her husband was the light-house keeper. *We Keep a Light* was an honest and artless record which owed a good deal of its popularity to the appeal of romantic primitivism. *Desired Haven* is written with more assurance and with far greater eloquence. It will command attention simply as a piece of strong regional writing—an addition, certainly, to our literature of description. The locale is the same as it was in *We Keep a Light*, a struggling settlement on a cove and an island off the southern coast of Nova Scotia near Cape Sable. The book begins and ends with a titanic storm described with a precision and at the same time with a rhetorical exuberance that have been born out of mingled love and terror of the sea. Some of the passages, with their powerful evocation of the ruthlessness and unmeaning savagery of the sea, are prose complements to E. J. Pratt's gargantuan seascapes. Mrs.

Richardson is not, however, as successful with her human situation as she is with the physical setting. Although the novel has a slight historical flavour—the events stretch over the years from 1840 to 1865 and Confederation and Fenianism impinge on the life of the remote settlement—Mrs. Richardson is really telling us the simple story of a marriage. Mercy Nickerson, her heroine, whose attractions are more of the heart and mind than of the body, falls in love with a young and charming Irish gentleman who has been rescued by her father from a shipwreck. Dan, who of course becomes Mercy's husband, is a weak character, like George Eliot's Tito sliding almost involuntarily into a course of action that can lead only to pain and disaster. There are, it seems to me, two weaknesses in the development of the relation between Dan and Mercy. In the first place the initial cause of estrangement is laboriously and unconvincingly portrayed. Some time after his marriage, Dan experiences a resurgence of devout Catholicism and inscribes in the family Bible after the name of his first child the words "Born out of Wedlock." The words horrify Mercy when she comes upon them accidentally, and bring about her temporary estrangement from her husband. The device is melodramatic in itself and difficult to accept as an act of which Dan would be capable. Dan's subsequent moral deterioration is more subtly and effectively done, but Mrs. Richardson retreats at the end from the logic of events and uses the climatic storm as a sort of moral purgative which restores Dan and Mercy to the desired haven of their early love.

There were six historical romances published during the year, a record crop even for this Canadian staple. By far the best is Grace Campbell's *Torbeg* (Collins, 311 pp., $3.50). Mrs. Campbell has already a modest but secure reputation as a writer of regional novels with a didactic cast, novels distinctly superior to most of those in the same general class by reason of their sincerity and their avoidance of sentimental pathos. *Torbeg* is about the Jacobite rising of 1745 in Scotland. It is a bold departure from anything she has done before, and on the whole a successful one. Mrs. Campbell has deserted didacticism here for the stern dictates of history. She is, I suspect, too tender of the Highland cause, but a romantic attachment to the kilt, the bagpipe, Gaelic, and Bonnie Prince Charles is, after all, a part of the Canadian inheritance. In this novel Mrs. Campbell has allowed herself to go beyond the calculated simplicity of her early work. The great and terrible events she records ask for more substantial treatment and she has responded often with real effectiveness. She fails where most historical novelists fail—in the creation of vital characters. The

historical figures are simply convenient counters: Prince Charlie is a fairy prince, and Cumberland is an ogre. Her fictional creations have an unsubstantial charm that fades before the grim beauty of Highland glens and the tragic horror of Culloden. Josephine Lewis in *As the Rowans Go Gay* (Glasgow, William MacLellan [Smithers & Bonellie], 322 pp., $2.75) writes also about the Jacobite risings, though on a more spacious scale, since the inclusive dates are 1670 to 1745. The novel is an industrious compilation of events that make up the history of what is presumably an imaginary family. Through this account of innumerable births, romances, marriages, and deaths runs a thin band of political, social, and literary background.

The four remaining historical romances have Canadian settings. Miss Suzanne Butler's *My Pride, My Folly* (Boston, Little, Brown [McClelland & Stewart], vi, 311 pp., $3.95) begins in Denmark, shifts briefly to Boston and then settles down in Canada, first in Montreal and then in a small lake settlement near Toronto. Miss Butler is not greatly concerned with history. She has clearly chosen the forties and fifties of the last century, which were relatively quiet decades in both Canada and the United States, simply to gain a proper romantic distance from her subject. This is a kind of historical romance that has had a great vogue in the last twenty years, particularly in the United States: the portrait of the strong, iron-willed heroine, vulnerable to the insinuations of emotion and the assaults of passion, yet clinging self-centredly to survival and security. The novel has achieved wide popularity which, in view of Miss Butler's relative sobriety of tone, is a little difficult to understand. In *To Love and to Cherish* (Ryerson, vi, 309 pp., $3.50), Will Bird continues his fictional exploration of colonial Nova Scotia. This novel is about the sufferings of some loyalists in Connecticut during the revolutionary days and about their founding the Nova Scotian town of Shelburne. All of Mr. Bird's novels seem to me to be remarkably alike, as if they were slight variations on a basic story. He hands over the narration of his stories to his hero, and since the hero is invariably more interested in the use of his muscles than in the use of his mind he has a great deal to tell us about events, especially if they involve the cracking of skulls, and not much to tell us about the meaning of those events. George Frederick Clarke's *Return to Acadia* (Fredericton, Brunswick Press, 1952, iv, 252 pp., $3) is also a venture into Maritime history. The place is the lower reaches of the St. John River, and the time is 1761. A young Scotsman returns to New Brunswick to seek out his Acadian sweetheart and to demonstrate to her by the use of documentary evi-

dence that the expulsion of her kinsfolk a few years before was not really the result of official British policy. In the diligent amassing of *clichés* the author must have few rivals, even among Canadian historical romances where the competition is particularly keen. Of E. B. Osler's *Light in the Wilderness* (Harlequin Books, 192 pp., 35c.), this much may be said in its praise—it is a far better book than its lurid paper cover would indicate. If one persists beyond the opening pages of its almost insolently obvious eroticism, the remainder is a not unconvincing account of life in and about a Hudson Bay settlement in the Red River valley in the twenties and thirties of the last century.

With few exceptions, the Canadian historical romance avoids urban settings; it thrives on open spaces and on the allure of far horizons. Indeed, it may be said of our fiction in general that it favours a rural setting. Imaginatively we have yet to acknowledge our new urban status. Our novelists have some bucolic virtues; they have not yet acquired any urban sophistication. *Desired Haven* and *The Praying Mantis*, two of the most interesting novels of the year, have small town or rural settings. Audrey McKim's *Lexy O'Connor* (McClelland & Stewart, viii, 262 pp., $3), a pleasant regional piece about schoolteaching in northern Alberta, is another illustration of this same preference. Only three novels of the year have a contemporary urban setting: Jessie McEwen in *The Little Yellow House* (Ryerson, vi, 249 pp., $3.25) selects Toronto; Doris Hedges in *Elixir* (London, Arthur Barker [McClelland & Stewart], 191 pp., $2.50) returns for the second time to her native Montreal; and Dick Diespecker spreads himself more generously, using as his setting the cities of Vancouver, Ottawa, and Toronto. The first two are inconsequential novels. Miss McEwen mixes heavy melodrama and heavy psychology, and Mrs. Hedges persistently digs away at the vein of crude fantasy that she unwisely uncovered in her first novel, *Dumb Spirit*. By far the best of the three is Diespecker's *Rebound* (Harlequin Books, 224 pp., 35c.), a persistent piece of naturalism which is a far cry from the lushly poetic novel that he published a few years ago. His hero is a newspaper man with a few unassailable ideals, but with a profound emotional naïveté which makes him an easy victim of predatory females and of his own softer emotions. The characterization is simply but effectively done and the newspaper and urban background has upon it the imprint of the trained reporter. Unfortunately, the garish format of the book will, I fear, restrict its readers to those not easily disposed to savour Mr. Diespecker's more reflective passages.

I have left to the last three novels by writers who have, in previous years, received a good deal of critical acclaim. They are David Walker's *Digby*, Miss Mazo de la Roche's *The Whiteoak Brothers*, and Thomas Raddall's *Tidefall*.

In previous surveys I have not dealt with Mr. Walker's novels, as it seemed to me that residence of a few years in this country is a doubtful qualification for Canadian authoriship. It would be, for instance, as reasonable to say that W. H. Auden is an American poet as to say that David Walker is a Canadian novelist—indeed more reasonable, since Auden has been in the United States for a longer period than Walker has been in Canada and, what is more important, writes about his adopted country, something that Walker has not yet done. Since, however, Mr. Walker received the Governor-General's Award last year for his good novel about life in a prisoner of war camp, *The Pillar*, it is difficult to exclude him from the family circle. In *Digby* (Collins, 254 pp., $2.75), his fourth novel, he continues to demonstrate his skill in satisfying the demands of popular taste at once with enthusiasm and with intelligence. In one sense this is the classic example of a modern tale of escape. A middle-aged American businessman, made melancholy by the sterilities of his daily routine and bored by the company of his socialite wife, goes on an extended holiday to the Highlands of Scotland, where he finds all that his heart aches for—poetry, adventure, and passionate love. But in another and more important sense this is a burlesque romance, much in the manner of Eric Linklater, in which wit and a mad humour constantly enter to check the progress towards sentimentality and crude romance. While attending to the interests of two classes of readers, Mr. Walker has still time to attend to a third. As the American millionaire sets out on his return voyage, his soul refreshed and his marriage restored, he reflects that the Highlanders "are masters of doing little; we in America are victims of doing much." *Digby* is thus an escapist romance, a sprightly comedy, and a moral tale. Few novelists today can exploit their material so economically.

Miss de la Roche's new novel, *The Whiteoak Brothers* (Macmillan, viii, 307 pp., $3.75), is one of the best of the recent Jalna series. It is not altogether fanciful to suggest that some of the strength of the novel arises from the fact that she has returned to the period that she wrote about in the first novel of the series, and that some of the strength and gaiety of *Jalna* have entered into its distant descendant. *The Whiteoak Brothers* is a sort of prologue to *Jalna*, in which she traces the roots of Eden's rebellion against the Whiteoaks tradition

and sketches the early development of the romance between Piers and Pheasant. But the main burden of the book is the involvement of the family through the innocent machinations of Eden in a mining scheme that turns out to be a hoax. This is less a novel of domestic romance than of ironic comedy. It would be diverting to trace the course of Canadian criticism of Miss de la Roche since she first leaped from obscurity into prominence in 1927. It was fashionable for a while to write of her as a skilful realist, who also had a charmingly light touch. But as her popularity grew and as the original exuberance was dulled by repetition, she suffered a decline in critical esteem: she was to be enjoyed in cautious moderation and then good-humouredly patronized. It is time, I think, to call a halt to disparagement, to recognize that although Miss de la Roche has written much that is ephemeral she has a good measure of artistic integrity and that, even at her worst, she is far more adept as a technician than most of her Canadian contemporaries.

Thomas Raddall's *Tidefall* (McClelland & Stewart, viii, 309 pp., $3.75) is a disappointment. *Tidefall* is in many ways strongly reminiscent of Mr. Raddall's last novel, *The Nymph and the Lamp*. Each has a central, heavily emphasized character who lives in a world of his own peculiar making, largely cut off from normal society, and who is placed against a remote and exotic physical setting. Each novel, then, attempts to place this central character in dramatic relation with a few subsidiary characters. The difference between the two novels is that whereas Matthew Carney, the hero of *The Nymph and the Lamp*, is a god-like character who has preserved inviolate the innocence and integrity of his soul, the hero of *Tidefall*, Saxby Nolan, is the embodiment of animalistic amorality. The failure of *Tidefall* springs in large part, I think, from the oversimplification of Saxby's character. After one or two incidents, we know exactly the kind of person he is, and he loses his capacity to surprise. He loses also his power to impinge directly on other human beings so that the two other main characters in the novel, his refined young wife, Rena, and her lover, who are kept secondary to him, never come alive. The best parts of the novel are the passages descriptive of Saxby's criminal exploits on the high seas, and these take up so much space and are narrated with such sweepingly irresistible eloquence, that *Tidefall* still rivets the reader's attention much more successfully than any other Canadian novel of the year. Nevertheless, one begins to wonder whether Raddall is as close to making the transition from historical romancer to novelist of contemporary manners as *The Nymph and the Lamp* seemed to indicate.

III. SOCIAL STUDIES* ALEXANDER BRADY

Books in this section commonly fall into two categories: those dealing with one or other aspect of Canada and its development, and those dealing with themes unrelated to Canada. The former are inevitably the more numerous, and for this reason alone command more of the limited space available in this survey. We are also perhaps justified in giving somewhat more attention to the studies concerned with Canada, for only in the journals of this country are they likely to receive appropriate consideration. Learned books by Canadians on other lands and other themes will usually receive due assessment abroad, but here we are not ignoring their appearance, for the scholarly pursuit of subjects beyond the national boundaries is evidence of a growing maturity and vitality in Canadian social study.

Three books present a general interpretation of Canadian development. In *Canada: A Story of Challenge* (Macmillan, xvi, 417 pp., $3.50) J. M. S. Careless attempts a history of the country from the solitary reign of the Indians to Mr. St. Laurent and 1950. This volume, based on the works of modern research, is lucid in style, unpretentious in manner, and, while designed primarily for the young, is profitable reading for those of any age. Longer and more comprehensive than the short histories by George P. de T. Glazebrook and Gerald S. Graham, published four years ago, it is still comparatively modest in compass. It ventures on no dashing novelties in interpretation, has no dogmatic thesis to defend, and will incite no heated controversy. In its sensible analysis of contending forces, it sometimes seems to minimize the role of individual personality, a fact which may explain a certain absence of human interest and colour in its smooth narrative.

Different in scope and texture is *Nation of the North* (Methuen [British Book Service], x, 270 pp., $3.75) by D. M. LeBourdais. It is not the performance of a professional historian but of a publicist who over the last thirty-five years has dealt with many contemporary phases of Canadian life. Mr. LeBourdais has travelled widely in the northern regions and the west (he was born in the Cariboo country of British Columbia), and to his writing he brings a lively sense of geography. The plan of the history is traditional enough, since it rests on the simple and neat assumption that the Canadian story falls into three parts: from Port Royal in 1604 to the Peace of Paris in 1763, from the Peace to Confederation, and from Confederation to the present. It is this last period which most interests the author, and he

*I wish to acknowledge assistance in writing this survey kindly provided by two colleagues, Wm. C. Hood and J. N. Wolfe.

sees it in turn fitting into a threefold division, marked successively by the ascendancy of the chief political leaders, Macdonald, Laurier, and King.

In the preface he assures us that aside from Confederation the most important events in the last of his eras occurred since the First World War, a dubious claim indeed, for a reader is left wondering how it is possible to be so confident that any of these events is more important than, say, the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway or the peopling of the West. The story of national development in each period is told clearly, with a quick eye for concrete and revealing facts. Such facts are abundant enough, from the number of schools, teachers, and pupils in the Upper Canada of 1865 to Sir Henry Thornton's salary as president of the Canadian National Railway. Since Mr. LeBourdais has long been interested in the Arctic frontier, he assigns more significance than has been customary in general histories to Arctic developments. An agreeable feature of his book is an emphasis on personalities and their place in the building of the nation. Numerous individuals, whose names are absent in the more balanced and compressed narrative of Mr. Careless, are here introduced in the context of specific developments, such as Sir Charles Saunders and wheat cultivation, Duncan Campbell Scott and verse, Walter A. Riddell and Canada at Geneva, and Vilhjalmur Stefansson and Arctic exploration. In tone and substance the book resembles articles in periodicals treating current events. In brief it is a shrewd and well-informed reporter's account. This is not to reflect unfavourably on its purpose and method, since there is a place for many kinds of history, and this is a good sample of its kind, which is likely to win many grateful readers.

Different again is Professor George Brown's *Canada in the Making* (Dent, viii, 151 pp., $2.75). It is not a full dress and narrative history but a series of essays on certain important aspects of the theme suggested in the title. These essays, although written at different times and for different occasions, possess coherence in a single volume, for they all reflect a basic idea about Canadian development. The first is a general introduction, the next four deal with factors in Canada's internal growth during the nineteenth century, and the remaining three examine phases of external policy in the twentieth, especially in respect to the Commonwealth. The one recurring idea throughout is that Canadian development is "a distinctive welding of British and American precedent." In politics, religion, and economics this broad fact is exemplified. The British tradition and the North American environment are the major and continuing determinants of attitudes

and actions, and the product is something neither quite British nor quite American. In certain phases of life Canada may seem to lean more to Britain and in other phases more to the United States, but she is actually developing under hard necessities a national community of her own. The building of such a community is not yet complete. It is still in a formative stage, but, in the last century and the present, basic decisions were made which shape its course. It is from these general conceptions that Professor Brown discusses such apparently diverse matters as Methodism in Upper Canada, Lord Durham's Report, and Canada's policy in the Commonwealth.

Chief among the more specialized studies on Canadian development is *Democracy in Alberta* (University of Toronto Press, xii, 258 pp., $5.00) by C. B. Macpherson. This volume readily takes its place in the group of monographs, all published since 1947, which illuminate the agrarian politics of Western Canada: notably, W. L. Morton, *The Progressive Party in Canada* and S. M. Lipset, *Agrarian Socialism*. It overlaps little on its predecessors because it examines more closely the movement of Social Credit and interprets Albertan politics on ideological lines.

Alberta offers an engaging theme for close political study. Since 1921 two successive movements have held sway, and each has reduced to impotence any opposition in the legislature. Each also has formulated ideas on parliamentary government that do not always harmonize with the traditional doctrines and procedures which in the final analysis Canada derived from Britain, and in the main has preserved. The United Farmers of Alberta and the Social Credit movement both revolted against the conceptions and character of the two national parties, and the genuine success of their revolt has been obvious enough. Except in a few constituencies, neither Liberals nor Conservatives have experienced the joy of electoral victory for more than thirty years. What has now developed under Social Credit is called by Professor Macpherson a quasi-party system, which he views as neither a single party régime nor an orthodox alternate party régime, but something in between attached to certain features of plebiscitarian democracy. "The quasi-party system," he writes, "as it has emerged in Alberta, may be seen as a response to the problem of democratic government in a community mainly of independent producers which forms a subordinate part of a more mature capitalist economy" (p. 237). But actually there are so many ambiguities in the conceptions and institutions of this alleged system that one seriously wonders whether it is, strictly, a system at all. One is set wondering still further when Professor Macpherson hints (p. 249) that there is

evidence of a like régime appearing elsewhere in Canada, although he does not claim that it has actually yet appeared. His interpretation of "maturing or mature capitalism" leads him to expect that "the future of Canadian federal politics may lie in the quasi-party system." He takes as a symptom of this emerging condition the predominant role of a single party in the federal state. An adequate appraisal of this opinion would lead us far beyond the space permitted in this survey. We may note, however, that the dominant position of single parties in certain provinces, or in the national parliament, is clear enough and not new. It long antedates whatever we like to term the contemporary capitalism in Canada. The Liberal party, for example, ruled Ontario throughout the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Indeed, it held office for thirty-three successive years, and for twenty-four of these was led by one man, Oliver Mowat. Yet in this and other cases opposition parties continued to survive and to play a useful role as critics of policy and contenders for power. To elaborate this point further would draw us away from Professor Macpherson, who is primarily concerned with Alberta, and whose remarks on other than the Albertan situation are presumably to be taken as tentative *obiter dicta*.

Professor Macpherson's book is in many respects illuminating, especially on the economic and political ideas of Social Credit. But one reader at any rate has doubts about the adequacy of the general interpretation. The author seeks the fundamental explanation for the movements of the United Farmers and Social Credit in the quasi-colonial nature of the Alberta economy (e.g., its dependence on eastern capitalism) and the petit-bourgeois mentality of the electorate. The farmers of Alberta, like other petit-bourgeois folk, are viewed as nursing a sense of independence or an illusion of independence. They revolt against a subservience to eastern capitalists, but their own class nature will not permit them to attack capitalism itself and its property rights. Thus they readily stumble into acceptance of the Social Credit evangel which seems to offer hope for their freedom within a capitalist framework. This argument has about it a suave logicality and usefully emphasizes some significant factors in the life of the community, but in itself it does not explain the distinctiveness of Alberta's political development from that of neighbouring Saskatchewan or other provinces where much the same quasi-colonial economy appears to exist. Professor Macpherson is not indifferent to some other influences, such as those brought to Alberta by American settlers, but the chief burden of his interpretation is so much on the familiar schematic basis of Marxian theory that varied cultural factors are insufficiently

examined and assessed. For a satisfactory account of Social Credit in Alberta, more real attention must be devoted, not merely to the class structure, but to the main social elements and cultural antecedents of the people. Only thereby is it possible to understand the peculiar twist given to the social psychology of Albertans which permitted an Aberhart to be a successful prophet, appealing not merely to the lower middle class of the towns but also to the farmers of the country. Of obvious importance in this context was the large inflow of American settlers with populist political ideas and soft money convictions. Important also was the unstable and ebullient nature of religious and sectarian life on this western frontier, which gave prompt and abundant scope to the activities of the Calgary Prophetic Bible Institute. Professor Macpherson's key may open some doors, but it fails to open all of them in Alberta.

The one political biography of the year is *J. S. Woodsworth: A Man to Remember* (Macmillan, xvi, 336 pp., $4.50) by Grace MacInnis. It is the story of a reformer who never lacked enthusiasm for his cause, and in this memoir it is told with a daughter's devotion. The book is well written, and on the whole balanced, although there is some petering out towards the end. While a filial sentiment is evident throughout, it hardly detracts, as it might easily do, from the readability of the narrative. Indeed Grace MacInnis, by little details on Woodsworth's family life unfamiliar to an outsider, succeeds in giving a fresh and intimate portrait of the man. But this is not to suggest that the book eliminates the need for another and different type of biography, which would probe more deeply and critically into the social movement which Woodsworth sought to direct.

There are at least three reasons why James Woodsworth is of interest in Canadian life, especially in the years between the two World Wars. He was the most effective social reformer of his generation, and he came out of the West and out of Methodism. In the House of Commons he set a record as a private member for the fruitful energy which he devoted to projected legislation of any kind. And, finally, he was the principal founder of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, with its ideal of moving gradually towards socialism through the joint action of farmers and labour. On all these phases of his life Grace MacInnis throws a light that is never brilliant but always clear. She shows how the son of the widely esteemed Superintendent of Methodist Missions for Western Canada grew up in a West which was still a raw and struggling community, with more promise of wealth than it then actually produced. She briefly describes him as a student in Wesley College, Winnipeg, Victoria Col-

lege, Toronto, and Mansfield College, Oxford. She illustrates his attempt to become established as a Methodist pastor in Manitoba, and reveals his early anxieties about his own orthodoxy and the suitability of his church as a vehicle for the social gospel, which he came to interpret as the essence of Christianity. Characteristic in this period was the comment in a letter to his friend, Charles Sissons: "The more I think about such matters, the more the distinction between sacred and secular diminishes. Theoretically for me there is no such distinction." Actually the church was anxious to give an outlet to his special and somewhat arrogant zeal, and in due course appointed him to the mission in North Winnipeg where the urge for social service found expression and in time (in 1913) led him out of the church and into the secretaryship of the Canadian Welfare League. The subsequent vicissitudes of his career, which ultimately brought him into the House of Commons, are here described. But among the pertinent questions raised by Woodsworth's life is one which we can hardly expect Grace MacInnis to answer. Why did western Methodism in this era appear to generate among many of its ministers such burning zeal for social reform that some left the church in order to participate more directly in radical action? A contemporary of James Woodsworth at Wesley College was A. E. Smith, who after being a prominent preacher became a stalwart of the Communist party. Another, William Ivens, assumed leadership in a militant but reformist labour movement. Woodsworth in the West was merely one of a number for whom the ministry was simply a stepping-stone to active participation in the social struggle. Canadian Methodism and social reform still awaits its analyst.

Last year two histories appeared on the colleges of Trinity and Victoria. In this year also two institutions of higher learning are commemorated in print: University College, Toronto, and the University of Western Ontario, London. *University College: A Portrait, 1853–1953* (University of Toronto Press, xii, 148 pp., $2.50), edited by Claude T. Bissell, is not strictly a formal history. The development of the College in the larger community of the University has already been traced in Stewart Wallace's *A History of the University of Toronto, 1827–1927*. As its title suggests, the present volume is a portrait, achieved through essays which discuss certain aspects of the college at different periods in the past century. Stewart Wallace opens with an informing essay on the general historical background, and other writers treat in more detail such themes as the building, former personalities on the staff and their qualities as teachers and scholars,

and the changing attitudes and opinions of students as reflected in college periodicals. The stereotype professor of popular fancy is seldom found in the flesh, but happily in this portrait there is the suggestion that the species was detected more than once amongst the University College staff. Throughout the effort is made to depict and illustrate how over a century the institution adapted itself to the mental and social currents of the time. One gathers from other sources the impression that in the Ontario of the nineteenth century the battles of education were not always fought with elevation and dignity, but here the more bitter wrangles of other times are wisely forgotten. Any student of Canadian intellectual growth over the last century will find in this modest volume suitable food for thought.

Western, 1878–1953 (University of Western Ontario, xvi, 193 pp., $3), by James J. Talman and Ruth Davis Talman, is a history on more orthodox lines. It is larger and written with the purpose of embracing all the more salient facts about the evolution of the University of Western Ontario during the last seventy-five years. The zeal to achieve a record as complete as possible results in pages with details about its remote origins, its original charter, the sustaining legislation, the special interests eager for its establishment, the resistance of rival interests, the inevitable struggle for adequate finances, the changing personnel on the staff, and the growth in various departments and faculties to meet the needs of the local community. Like other university and college histories this has light to throw on varied aspects of the society in pioneer times, not least of all on the deep influence of church and sectarian energy on the cultural developments of the Victorian era. Western, as it is now briefly called, had its origin in Huron College, founded by the Anglican Church to train men for the ministry. Even after its foundation in 1878, it remained for a time under the control of the Diocese of Huron. Its beginnings were penurious in the extreme. Within a few years of its establishment, the arts faculty for lack of funds had for an interval to close its doors, and the perennial struggle against poverty continued well into the twentieth century. But fortunately Western illustrated how well the institutions of learning reflect the material progress of a region. As the economy of the western peninsula of Ontario matured and wealth increased, the University received more generous aid. Local interests could now afford to support it, not merely as a symbol of their concern for things of the mind, but as a means of making their local community stronger and more independent relative to the other communities in the province. A special feature of the University

since 1908 is the direct financial support derived from the city in which it is situated, and such support entitles the city to representatives on the Board of Governors.

In some half dozen books Canadian scholars deal with non-Canadian or merely partially Canadian themes. Conspicuous among these are: *Democracy in an Era of Bigness: The American Anarchy* (New York, Henry Schuman [Nelson], viii, 212 pp., $4.25) by Lionel Gelber, and *Modern German History* (Dent, xii, 406 pp., $5.50) by Ralph Flenley. Over the last twenty odd years Lionel Gelber has established a reputation on both sides of the Atlantic as one who treats boldly some of the larger and deeper issues of international politics. His first book, *The Rise of Anglo-American Friendship* (1938) was the product of careful historical research on a turning-point in Anglo-American relations, and for American readers its appearance in the thirties was timely, if in that era of ardent isolationism they had been disposed to weigh its meaning. *Peace by Power* (1942) was a brilliant tract for the times, with a warning that the building of world peace depended upon those with pacific purposes securing on their side a preponderant power. The warning, Mr. Gelber emphasized, was urgent because in the interwar years the liberal mind had shown folly in not recognizing that peace needed power. The present book, under a cumbersome title, is also a tract for the times, and its theme continues that of its predecessor. Lionel Gelber recognizes that Western and liberal civilization, in harmony with its ethos, must persevere in the struggle for a moral order in the world, which involves making power nationally and internationally responsible. A major difficulty in achieving this essential goal of responsibility dwells in the complexity and unwieldiness of large-scale organization. Modern man seems at times to flounder hopelessly in the attempts to manage the gigantic political and economic organizations that he has himself created. He fashions a jungle and gets lost in it. The argument of this book ranges widely, but is particularly directed to the United States, for, as the mainstay of the West, its democracy as never before needs to be reminded of the difficult problems which confront it in giving to its own bigness the most wholesome effect. Perhaps the most significant chapter for American democracy is that on the manner whereby the imbalance of large-scale organization is imported into the realm of opinion, with the result that the market of opinion is no longer free.

This is a book of challenging ideas, but it is not simple either in style or in thought. Allusive epigrams abound. Indeed they are too numerous, especially when combined, as they usually are, with an

argument excessively compressed. Brilliant and allusive writing can obscure thought, and in this book a quiet manner would sometimes be a gain. But Mr. Gelber feels too deeply the urgency of the issues to be quiet.

Modern German History by Ralph Flenley is a work of a different character. It attempts in twelve comprehensive chapters a survey of German history from the Reformation to the fateful year 1939. It is designed to place in perspective, not merely the political, but the economic, social, and cultural factors in German life throughout this broad span of time, and, while it is based on primary and secondary authorities, it reduces to a bare minimum the scholarly paraphernalia of footnotes. It is obviously intended for both the student and the general reader, and the bias is towards narrative rather than analysis. The temper throughout is that of balance, leaning to caution. Whenever there are diverse roads of interpretation open, Professor Flenley will almost invariably take the middle. Any proper assessment of this book as a work of scholarship must be left to the historical reviews (Professor H. N. Fieldhouse reviews it in the *Canadian Historical Review*, March, 1954). Here we would merely note that it is a distinguished addition, already recognized and accepted in American and British classrooms, to that very slim literature contributed by Canadian scholars to an understanding of European history and life.

Three volumes appeared in the year under the sponsorship of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs: *The Struggle for Kashmir* (Ryerson, xii, 211 pp., $5) by Michael Brecher, *Bulwark of the West, Implications and Problems of Nato* (Ryerson, vi, 106 pp., $2) by Arthur C. Turner, and *Canada and the Far East, 1940–1953* (University of Toronto Press, x, 129 pp., $3) by Henry F. Angus. Dr. Brecher's book is a detailed and carefully documented study of the Kashmir dispute, covering the main facts of the historical background, the importance of Kashmir to India and Pakistan, the presentation of the dispute before the Security Council, the role of the United Nations Commission, the proposals made for a settlement between 1950–3, and the international consequences of the failure to reach agreement. Dr. Arthur Turner's *Bulwark of the West* is a volume of more modest compass and on a subject that rapidly changes in complexion with almost every shadow cast by the unsatisfactory relations of the Western powers and the Soviet bloc. Support for NATO constitutes the central strand in Canadian foreign policy, and to trace its development and explain its meaning is the purpose of this brief book. In a brisk style, Dr. Turner quickly conducts his readers through such topics as NATO and European Integration, NATO and the British Com-

monwealth, NATO and the United Nations, and NATO as a Regional Group. It thus appears to be NATO all the way, yet it is not the author's purpose to foster illusions. NATO has acute difficulties, and he recognizes them. It also has limitations. He reminds us that "high-flown talk of the reality of the Atlantic community rings peculiarly false at a time when both Canada and the United States are tightening both their immigration and tariff policies. On these questions there is no doubt at all among competent authorities as to the direction in which official policy *ought* to move. The point is, will governments have the courage to advocate such policies?" That, indeed, may be a discouraging question to ponder.

Since the Second World War a significant international fact is the closer relation of Canada with Asia, which is due, not merely to her obligations under the United Nations, but perhaps most of all to the more intimate contact with Asian members of the Commonwealth in the periodic conferences of prime ministers and other ministers and the constant exchange of views which the institutions and conventions of the Commonwealth foster. This fact makes timely the appearance of Henry F. Angus's book, *Canada and the Far East, 1940–1953*. Although it is not planned as strictly a sequel to *Canada and the Far East, 1940*, by A. R. M. Lower, published fourteen years ago, it picks up the theme where Professor Lower left off. Henry Angus seeks to put Canada's relations with Asia in their proper international setting. He notes the basic facts concerning the configuration of power in the contemporary world, and the position of the Asian peoples relative to the prevalent frictions and latent struggles. Canadians in general probably feel towards Asia much as they felt in 1940, and one detects here some views that may appear little different from those expressed by Professor Lower in the earlier volume. "There is very little Canadian opinion," writes the author, "about the Far East. The primary interests of Canadians, even when they are extra-territorial in character, lie elsewhere." But today the framers of Canadian policy seem more prompt to recognize that what transpires in Asia quickly impinges on Canada, and that every segment of policy in respect to Asia is important. They are also convinced that in a very modest way Canadians may do something about the Asian question, and their participation in implementing the Colombo Plan illustrates this conviction. One reason for valuing anew the Commonwealth association is the opportunity that it provides for exerting a genuine influence in certain Asian countries. These and other facets of Canada's relations with the most heavily peopled area of the globe are thoughtfully and judiciously examined.

Three studies appear strictly within the field of economics, and of these two are institutional: *Chartered Banking in Canada* (Ryerson, x, 394 pp., $5), by A. B. Jamieson, with a foreword by W. A. Mackintosh; and *Credits and Collections in Canada* (Ryerson, xvi, 418 pp., $5.50), which is a new and revised edition of a symposium. Each of these books deals with aspects of the credit market in Canada, and has been written for students who are taking extension courses in Canadian universities. Each is designed to replace an earlier book previously used in such courses. The first is by a professional banker, the second by various authors with some special knowledge of the theme.

The banking volume is divided into two parts, the first of which will have interest for many outside the banking fraternity, being a short history of the "foundations and development" of commercial banking in Canada. The second part is concerned with detailed practice, and is likely to be of more limited interest. There is no discussion of monetary or banking theory. The history section provides a useful sketch of banking legislation and the activities of the banks; it is not detailed, and there is no extended commentary on economic events, though each major change in the banking structure is placed in the general context of economic history. Since it is not designed to be definitive, it is hardly to be criticized for failing to be. As a well-written general account, it will be a useful addition to the scanty literature on the subject. It is surprising that nowhere in the book is a bank's balance sheet reproduced, though a statistical appendix contains a classification of loans, a size distribution of deposits, a statement of changes in the numbers employed, and other tables. The distribution of earnings by sources is not given, though net profits for several years are. One is disappointed at the paucity of material on the economic functions of banks and some of the broader problems involved.

The volume on credit suffers from its multiplicity of authors. It is fairly safe to say that often the number of platitudes in a book varies directly with the number of its authors. A foreword by an officer of one sponsoring organization contains the following paragraph: "The Government of Canada, fearing the inflationary expansion was undesirable, endeavored to restrict credit by legislation and through the cooperation of the chartered banks with the Bank of Canada. *It was proved these controls were unnecessary and undesirable* and they have been removed." (Reviewer's italics.) The misrepresentation of fact italicized in the last sentence of the quotation is inexcusable in a book published to inform rather than to indoctrinate. Many aspects of

wholesale and retail credit and also credit legislation are discussed, but the quality of the selections varies widely. The book as a whole will probably not be read by many outside those in the courses for which it is prescribed.

Different in scope and character is *An Essay in the Theory of Profits and Income Distribution* (Oxford, Blackwell [Copp Clark], viii, 110 pp., $2.25), by B. S. Keirstead. Professor Keirstead is an economic theorist who uses refined theoretical reasoning as an entry to the problems of socio-political life, and his present book illustrates the fact. Its purpose is "to inquire into the cause and nature of profits and their effect on the progress of the economy." This task is done first of all by classifying the various types of profits, and relating them to the appropriate kind of economic expectation. This rather long and, for a general reader, complex, investigation is the foundation on which the author builds an analysis of changes in the relative shares of the national income going to the different classes of the community. It is argued that long-run social and economic forces (for example, trade unions and the business cycle) alter the distribution of the national income much more than many popular financial writers would have us believe. The theoretical framework is used to illustrate in detail the way in which these forces operate. In a concluding (and very controversial) chapter, embracing about one-third of the book, Professor Keirstead sets out his conclusions and their importance for historical analysis and economic policy. This chapter, at least, will be easily comprehensible to the intelligent layman, and contains material of the highest interest to those concerned with practical economic affairs.

The final item to note in this section of the survey is a posthumous book by Herbert L. Stewart, *Winged Words: Sir Winston Churchill as Writer and Speaker* (Ryerson, viii, 114 pp., $2.50). Professor Stewart would doubtless have been prompt to deny any allegation that he was a social scientist, and would certainly have accompanied his denial with some telling quotation, either from one of his well-loved Victorians, or from one of the many challenging thinkers of the twentieth century who appealed to him. But while we should refrain from calling him a social scientist, we may on the other hand pay tribute to him as a philosopher, teacher, and man of letters who over a long life said and wrote much that was interesting about man and society. His type of scholarship and literary facility is in this country uncommon, and his death leaves a gap. His present book is modest in scope. It is little more than an extended essay on the literary work in books and speeches of Sir Winston Churchill, with shrewd

and entertaining reflections upon Sir Winston's political ideas and career over half a century. It exhibits no weakening in the skill and felicity which marked Herbert Stewart's own writing, and its subject affords abundant scope for the author's unerring talent for the apt quotation. It illustrates well the remarkable energy of thought and language which from the outset characterized Sir Winston, but it does not forbear to point out also some of his occasional errors of judgment. The book throws light on how a mastery of simple words, backed by deep perception, can contribute to political achievement.

IV. BIOGRAPHICAL, CRITICAL, AND OTHER WRITINGS — The Editor and Others

1. *Biography, Autobiography, and Reminiscence* — The Editor

As in previous years, some volumes of biography, autobiography, and reminiscence will be reviewed elsewhere in this survey and under other headings. So far as I am aware no doctrinaire critic of biography has asserted that it is a self-sufficient art-form; biographies of the slightest interest are also something else—political, social, or literary history, for example—and when the something else is considerable and has a place of its own in these surveys a book may be noticed properly and advantageously at that place. Accordingly, Clarence Tracy's *Artificial Bastard: A Life of Richard Savage* is reviewed in the next sub-section, among literary and critical studies, and *Country Parson* by George W. Morrison, *Dr. Cody of St. Paul's* by Bishop White, and *The Life of the Right Reverend, the Honourable Charles James Stewart* by Thomas R. Millman are reviewed in sub-section 3, among books on religion. Mr. Brady has included a paragraph on *J. S. Woodsworth: A Man to Remember*, by Grace MacInnis, in section III.

Father, God Bless Him (Ryerson, vi, 76 pp., $2.50) by E. A. Corbett and *Father Tompkins of Nova Scotia* (New York, P. J. Kenedy, xiv, 234 pp., $3) by George Boyle are both biographies of clergymen, but in each case the justification for writing their life-story is that they were also something else. Mr. Corbett's father was a Presbyterian minister, and a character too—or so he appears nowadays. But his parishioners in rural New Brunswick at the beginning of the century saw nothing incongruous in the fact that their minister was a zealous preacher who knew a thing or two about horseflesh and drove the fastest team in the neighbourhood. On a farm, in a lumber camp, or with fishermen, both the preacher and the character were in their

right environment; among urban people, as during his brief time in Framingham, Massachusetts, he was sadly out of his element. The author writes of his father with affection, amusement, and respect—without a trace of the common filial piety of authors who profitably describe their late parents as egregious zanies. The second subject of the book is the author himself, for this is in part an autobiography of boyhood and youth engagingly set down by a practiced writer and teller of stories.

Fr. James Tompkins was also a character, I understand, but there is none of that in Mr. Boyle's seriously appreciative biography. His subject is the devoted priest who, like his cousin Fr. M. M. Coady, became a pioneer in adult education among the fishermen and miners of his native province and an organizer of co-operatives to give the poor some chance of economic improvement. These achievements, mostly of his later years, followed an academic career that ended in frustration and defeat; for Fr. Tompkins had been a professor of Greek and Mathematics and Vice-President of St. Francis-Xavier University, a successful collector of benefactions, and an advocate of the federation of all the colleges of the Maritime Provinces. Then the bishops decided against federation as far as St. F.-X. was concerned, and Fr. Jimmy found himself at the age of fifty-two transferred from his academic post to be parish priest on a fog-bound and impoverished coast. But Canso and then Reserve Mines became the social laboratories where he could test his educational and economic theories, aided by loyal admirers including such useful ones as the officers of the Carnegie Foundation. So defeat was turned into victory. This is the story of a man and of a social movement, and Mr. Boyle writes admiringly of both. Although he quotes extensively from letters and published documents he does not really succeed, it seems to me, in the difficult art of communicating the sense of a personality.

Most of the authors of autobiography and memoir this year fall into two groups: journalists who after writing "stories" on other people for most of a lifetime have got around to reporting their own, and rugged advocates of the great open spaces who relate their adventures out west or on the northern frontier for urban pavement-pounders, including the journalists.

J. V. McAree, as most people in southern Ontario know, has been writing a daily column in the Toronto *Globe and Mail* and before that in one of its predecessors, the *Mail and Empire*, for a very long time, in fact for over fifty years. But *Cabbagetown Store* (Ryerson, vi, 113 pp., $2.50) takes us back a longer time than this, to the author's boyhood in Victorian Toronto, in a section of the city between

Parliament Street and the Don River, where none of the inhabitants was notably wealthy and every householder did some back-yard farming. The little grocery store kept by his uncle and aunt and the living quarters behind and above it were home in those days, and home also for a varying number of orphaned, distressed, or unattached relatives. "From this store," he writes, "and members of the clan whose headquarters it was, there came in later years a Minister of Finance of Canada, a Mayor of Toronto, a Speaker of the Ontario Legislature and a director of the T. Eaton Company." It is not suggested that Sir Thomas White learned the mysteries of finance nor the director of Eaton's those of merchandising in this Cabbagetown store. The author cannot explain how it survived so long as a going concern, for it was patently uneconomic in all its operations including those of a credit agency for the neighbourhood. This is not only a volume of family reminiscence but an entertaining minor document of social history giving us an impression of what life was like in the less fashionable areas of Toronto seventy-odd years ago, and characterized by Mr. McAree's mellow good humour and good sense.

Ottawa is the principal scene of Madge Macbeth's memoirs in *Over My Shoulder* (Ryerson, xii, 170 pp., $3.25), and the drawing rooms of Ottawa society where she appeared in the potentially anomalous roles of guest and reporter. Early in the century not all hostesses welcomed publicity. Mrs. William Fielding, wife of the Minister of Finance, was shocked by the very idea of putting a lady's picture in the newspaper: "Why, think of the possibility of having it thrown in the gutter and tramped upon! Think of the dreadful indignity of finding it in a barroom! A lady's photograph should be guarded carefully." But there are no indiscretions, even after all these years, in Mrs. Macbeth's reminiscences of the ladies of the great nor in her occasional observations of their lords—though we become aware of some strange characters. She has enjoyed living in Ottawa; she sometimes writes like a well-bred press-agent for the city; she finds it a fascinating place.

It is a long way from her decorous and civilized world of feminine journalism to nature red in tooth and claw in the jungle where J. H. Cranston somehow managed to survive for thirty years. *Ink on My Fingers* (Ryerson, x, 188 pp., $4) is the autobiography of a man who began as a printer's devil for the Galt *Reformer* and ended his career as publisher of the Midland *Free Press*; but most of the story is of his thirty-odd years with the Toronto *Star*, as reporter, parliamentary correspondent, and as editor of the *Star Weekly* until he was forced out in 1933. It is in part a history of the rise of the *Star* and of

the kind of sensational journalism which the Toronto and Ontario public has fostered, especially in the evening papers, though Mr. Cranston is only occasionally and mildly critical of sensationalism. Many local newspaper personalities appear on these pages, the most powerful and ominous being the late owner of the paper and his son-in-law, the executioner of his decrees. Mr. Cranston gives the impression of trying to be just and even lenient toward his former masters, of being willing to believe any good report. It was apparently not the regular policy of the high command to dismiss employees on Christmas Eve, without cause or warning, to encourage the others. There seem to have been authenticated examples of *Star* charity beginning at home. Mr. Cranston suggests that it was Mrs. Atkinson who was the socially conscious idealist of the ruling family, and that after her death in 1931 there was a change for the worse. Even before that date, conditions seem to have been such that many readers may wonder why any free man would choose to tolerate them. Apparently some people become addicted to metropolitan journalism as others to drink, and will endure anything rather than be deprived of its excitement. Mr. Cranston's last seventeen years in Midland when he was publisher of his own paper were the most serene in his life, but they are passed over in a few pages as less newsworthy than any one year with the *Star*. The volume includes a chapter on Ernest Hemingway's association with the paper. Mr. Cranston, as editor of the *Star Weekly*, encouraged him at a critical point in his literary career, as an article in the current (April) *Atlantic* shows.

Arthur G. Penny has also had ink on his fingers for a long time. *The Shirt-Sleeved Generation* (Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph Printing Company, 335 pp.) begins with the achievements of the writer's grandfather in publishing and politics, records the decline of the family fortunes in his father's time, and is mostly given to his own experience in the third, shirt-sleeved generation, especially as editor for over thirty years of the Quebec *Chronicle* and of the amalgamated *Chronicle-Telegraph*. The anti-conscription riots in the city early in 1918 and the writer's visit to the battle-front a few months later are among the most memorable episodes. But the book owes its chief interest to Mr. Penny's situation in the capital of French Canada. As an editor he has represented the views of a Protestant, Conservative, English-speaking minority, but his ideas on Canada and Quebec are certainly not identical with those of a Toronto Conservative. One criticism: it is poor advertising for his paper that there should be so many proof-reader's errors.

Of the four other writers of memoir to be noticed, three somewhat

ostentatiously abandoned urban life for the nobler existence far from cities. *We Found Peace* (Thomas Allen, vi, 244 pp., $3) by Gray Campbell is the breezy success-story of a former R.C.M.P. constable who, after six years in the R.A.F. and R.C.A.F. and another in a routine job in Hamilton after the war, gave it up in disgust and, with his wife, child, and possessions stowed away in a car and trailer, returned to Alberta, planning to use his war-service credit toward buying a ranch. The Campbells had nothing in common with the Okies of *The Grapes of Wrath* except an urge toward the west. Although there were times of anxiety, everything turned out nicely. People were all friendly and helpful. The ranch to suit them was offered for sale by an elderly man who seems to have been quite unaware of how much property values had increased since before the war. The Veterans' Land Act grant came through; a generous benefactor advanced money for more live-stock; and before the next season the price of beef rose sharply. So they found peace in God's Country, and prosperity too. Meanwhile two hundred thousand less adventurous people have remained behind in Hamilton.

In *River for My Sidewalk* (Dent, viii, 135 pp., $2.50), Grant Madison reports that he found peace living by himself in a valley of the Selkirk Mountains, and the city he was glad to leave was Vancouver. The deserted cabin that became his home had the advantage for a person who wanted to discourage visitors that it could be reached only by a doubtful looking cable-car which was controlled from within Mr. Madison's defence perimeter. The book consists of twenty-six pleasant sketches or essays, following through the seasons of the year, on how he lived, the changing scene about him, and his human and animal neighbours.

Erik Munsterhjelm in *The Wind and the Caribou* (Macmillan Company of Canada, 234 pp., $3.50) went further afield, to the far north of Saskatchewan, to trap in the country beyond Lake Athabaska. The years he describes in this well-written narrative were in the nineteen-thirties. Already the airplane was beginning to revolutionize the north. One season it was the old story of weeks of paddling and portage to bring his gear, provisions, and dogs to the trapping grounds; the next year a bush-pilot in an hour or less landed trapper, gear, provisions, dogs, and canoe at a promising campsite chosen five minutes earlier from up above. Now, fifteen years later, that northern air is probably swarming with prospectors and Bay Street brokers. *The Wind and the Caribou* is a detailed and, I found, fascinating account of a representative two years in a trapper's life—two long winters of lonely and often hazardous work and between these a sum-

mer vacation when he travelled to the nearest Hudson's Bay Company post to sell his furs and stock up for another winter on the trap lines. It is not an occupation for the squeamish. To survive and prosper one must always be killing—the waiting prisoners caught in the traps and the wandering herds of caribou, the final and most conspicuous victims of the carnivorous north. Mounds of their carcasses were collected by a camp to provide meat, most of it for the dogs. It seems like an appalling carnage so that women may wear fur coats.

Professor Arthur R. M. Lower also writes reminiscences of the far north: one-third of his volume on *Unconventional Voyages* (Ryerson, xii, 156 pp., $3.50) is about a government expedition which he headed to the western shore of Hudson Bay in the summer of 1914, long before the days of easy and rapid transportation to the region. Of his other maritime adventures described in this miscellaneous volume the most notable were during his service with the Dover Patrol in the First World War. By contrast, a trip down the Great Lakes in a grain-carrier, a journey across Canada by car, and an Atlantic crossing with several hundred American students do not appear to be particularly unconventional voyages or worth reporting.

2. *Literary and Critical Studies* THE EDITOR AND OTHERS

Several important volumes which belong under the above heading are to be reviewed in a later number of the QUARTERLY. These include: *Goethe's Faust* by Barker Fairley, *Poetic Process* by George Whalley, *Imitation and Design* by Reid MacCallum, and *Willa Cather* by E. K. Brown and Leon Edel.

Professor F. E. L. Priestley has contributed the following review of *Artificial Bastard: A Biography of Richard Savage* (University of Toronto Press, xviii, 164 pp., $4.50) by Clarence Tracy.

Despite its sensational title, this is a thorough and scholarly biography. The melodrama of Savage's claim to noble birth and of his tragic, unstable career, while by no means suppressed, is not exploited in the fashion suggested by the title, nor does the author's final judgment on Savage's claim seem identical with the judgment implied in the title. The most impressive thing about the book is in fact the judicious skill and subtlety with which Professor Tracy marshals all of the available evidence, clearly distinguishing certainties, probabilities, and improbabilities, weighing the value of each item as he fits it into a pattern; he exhibits the shrewd logic and keenness of scent of a superior detective, and it seems doubtful whether anything but the highly unlikely discovery of fresh evidence could improve on his account. The

difficulty of determining the facts of Savage's parentage is great, but perhaps no greater than that of arriving at an understanding of Savage's character. Here again the author is to be congratulated. He has resolutely abstained from psychological hypothesis and is concerned primarily to record the evidence; if Savage finally appears inexplicable, the motives of his behaviour not readily conceivable, it does not necessarily follow that the portrait here is unsatisfactory: Savage does not seem to have been transparent to his companions, yet he was vivid enough to them and is vivid enough here.

The associations of Savage in both fashionable and literary society introduce many sidelights on his period and on his contemporaries. In particular, Johnson's sympathy with Savage, which might otherwise be dismissed as due to a scoundrel's plausibility and Johnson's sentimentality, seems highly reasonable in the light of the evidence. Pope's behaviour to Savage demonstrates a charity and forbearance not often emphasized as part of Pope's character, and Savage's alliance with Pope in the war against the dunces appears, as here interpreted, more creditable to both than often thought. Professor Tracy offers a number of corrections to the biographies of eighteenth-century literary figures. These give his work, as he says, an "incidental usefulness." Its main achievement is to have produced a biography which supersedes all earlier ones, which makes integral use of Savage's own writings, and which never leads the reader "to confuse a fact with a conjecture or a theory." If, as he fears, his treatment "may provide lean fare for the readers of romances," he can rest assured that it will satisfy many others, including readers of mysteries.

Professor R. S. Knox writes of *Renown at Stratford* (Clarke Irwin, viii, 127, $3.50) by Tyrone Guthrie, Robertson Davies, and Grant Macdonald.

This book is worthy of the occasion it celebrates, and is itself an example of the kind of happy collaboration which made last summer's Shakespeare Festival at Stratford such a cheering success. In the opening section, Dr. Tyrone Guthrie, the Director, tells with a light and witty informality how the dream of Mr. Tom Patterson of Stratford became the Festival reality. It was indeed a triumph of faith, stoutly maintained against lack of funds, the doubts of contractors, and inaudible rehearsals. And Dr. Guthrie generously distributes the credit to all, even to the artist who, with no assurance that he would not be left with them, created the fifty pairs of special boots; in his praise the Director omits only himself. Mr. Robertson Davies rectifies this omission with a well-merited tribute to Dr. Guthrie's guiding

genius; and he then contributes what he calls "notes on the Stratford plays to accompany a collection of drawings by Mr. Grant Macdonald." These drawings of the principal actors and actresses in their parts are really brilliant theatre portraits, although one complaint may be permitted: Why did we not have Douglas Campbell as Parolles in his dirty trench-coat, filing his nails?

Mr. Robertson Davies' notes, comprising the main part of the book, are a sheer delight to read. Here is scholarship carried gracefully, a live theatrical criticism which yet takes us beyond the immediate figure and scene with shrewd and illuminating comment on Shakespeare's art and the general art of the drama. As a permanent record of the first year of the Festival this book could not be bettered. For the Festival's continued success it may be timely to quote a warning given by Dr. Guthrie: "There are just two things I dread. First that the Festival may be abused by profiteers. Second, a refinement of the same thing, that there will be an outbreak of Ye Olde. I heard a rumour that two ladies had bought land and proposed to erect an imitation of Anne Hathaway's cottage in which they would brew Daintye Teas." Heaven and the Stratford Council forbid!

Professor T. A. Goudge writes of *The Spirit of Philosophy* (University of Toronto Press, viii, 306 pp., $3) by Marcus Long.

This is an introductory work designed for use as a classroom text. Its aim is to lead the beginner from a state of pre-philosophical innocence to the point where he can grasp the importance and feel the interest of foundational questions which have exercised the minds of thinkers from the time of Thales. The work examines in succession a number of basic concepts used in ordinary discourse and in scientific thought, such as the concept of "things," "quantity," "quality," "cause and effect," "teleology," "truth," etc. In the case of each Professor Long shows how on reflection it gives rise to questions of a philosophical kind. He then outlines various answers to these questions which have been proposed by the major philosophers of Greek, medieval, and modern times. Although he presents the answers in an impartial way, it is apparent that Professor Long's own position has been influenced by the thought of Bosanquet and Whitehead. The result is that unlike so many introductory studies, *The Spirit of Philosophy* is not merely a catalogue of doctrines but reveals a unity of outlook on the diverse problems which it discusses. Another source of strength in the book arises from its happy combination of commonsense and scientific illustrations in the treatment of these problems. Here the hand of the experienced classroom teacher is particularly

evident. The book is so written that it can be read with ease and profit by anyone who desires an acquaintance with the broad field of philosophy and the spirit which animates the philosophic enterprise.

One slight but attractive work of editorial scholarship and one reprint should also be mentioned here. G. H. Needler, after forty-five years of teaching in University College and eighteen years of very active retirement largely given to research in Canadiana, has produced two more volumes: *Otonabee Pioneers*, which is reviewed later in sub-section 5 and an edition of Sir William Gell's *Reminiscences of Sir Walter Scott's Residence in Italy, 1832* (Burns and MacEachern, xiv, 41 pp., $2) now published in full for the first time. Sir William Gell, traveller and writer on classical antiquities, called on the semi-invalid Scott in Naples in January, 1832, and was with him frequently as a companion and guide until Scott left Rome in May for the exhausting journey back to Abbotsford and death. These reminiscences, prepared for incorporation in Lockhart's life of Scott, appeared only in fragmentary form there; however, Gell's manuscript is now in Toronto and Dr. Needler has given the full text with an interesting historical introduction and notes. We get, of course, a rather pathetic impression of Scott in these last months of his life, known and honoured everywhere, trying to take an interest in classical antiquities and new acquaintances, but very tired, and thinking more often of Scotland and Abbotsford than of scenes around him. A fine portrait-sketch of Scott, made at this time, by Morani, a Neapolitan, and also recently discovered in Toronto, appears as the frontispiece of the volume.

One of the happiest events of the literary year was the republication, with some revision, of W. A. Deacon's *The Four Jameses* (1927), an appreciation, with extensive quotations, of our four best bad poets. James Gay of Guelph, self-styled Poet Laureate of Canada, was the one who wrote to Tennyson: "Now Longfellow is gone there are only two of us left. . . . I do not know whether a Baron or a Poet Laureate gets any wages in England. In Canada there is no pay." James McIntyre of Ingersoll was author of the immortal "Ode on the Mammoth Cheese" and numerous other works on the same or analogous subjects of paramount importance in his home town, and of some fine literary vignettes such as:

> We have scarcely time to tell thee
> Of the strange and gifted Shelley,
> Kind hearted man but ill-fated,
> So youthful, drowned and cremated.

Of the others, James Gillis, author of *The Cape Breton Giant* and James MacRae, the sweet singer of Glengarry, it need only be said that they are as memorable as the other Jameses. Mr. Deacon's delightful commentary is, in a sense, an example of sustained irony, but it is irony without scorn and without any intention merely to ridicule. Bad poetry as good as this appears to him to be a positive achievement and in its naïve way a revelation of humble lives. (Ryerson, vi, 210 pp., $3.)

3. *Books on Religion* W. S. McCULLOUGH

Christian Doctrine (London, Lutterworth Press [Ryerson], 379 pp., $6) by Professor J. M. Shaw of Queen's Theological College, Kingston, is described as "a one-volume outline of Christian belief." The author's views, which are coloured by his background of Scottish Presbyterianism, are substantially the same as those of another United Church theologian, John Dow, who wrote *This is Our Faith* in 1943. Shaw gives a lucid exposition of the main doctrines of the reformed churches, and displays caution in dealing with Barthianism and its ramifications. He betrays, however, no desire to depart from familiar pathways, and while he does lip-service to biblical criticism, he holds that "the Pauline and Johannine writings . . . have a deeper interpretation of the meaning of Jesus' life and work than that given by the earlier Apostles." Almost a quarter of the book is given over to "The Christian Doctrine of Redemption"; this long argument is an interesting contrast to what is said so simply on the same subject by Jesus in the Synoptic Gospels.

Another theologian, Professor A. Cochrane of the Presbyterian Seminary, Dubuque, Iowa, gives a translation of Otto Weber's summary of *Karl Barth's Church Dogmatics* (Philadelphia, Westminster Press [Ryerson], 253 pp., $6). The latter is an eight-volume work of 4,507 pages, and as many consider it to be of great significance, an English summary of it may serve a useful purpose. Barth is not lacking in self-confidence; he feels equipped to discuss the nature and purposes of God exhaustively, but much of what he says seems singularly irrelevant to the practical work of the Church.

A United Church clergyman, George W. Morrison, who spent thirteen years on a rural parish in Ontario, has had some short essays edited posthumously by W. H. Cranston, under the title *Country Parson* (Ryerson, xii, 140 pp., $3). The subjects pertain mostly to a minister's duties in the countryside. The book has few literary merits, but it is written with sincerity and contains much

homely wisdom from a rural parson who was peculiarly successful.

The Bible in Canada by E. C. Woodley (Dent viii, 320 pp., $2.25) is an outline of the history of various groups in Canada interested in promoting the circulation of the Bible. In connection with his sketch of the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society in London, England, in 1804, the author notes that the first foreign version of the Bible printed under the auspices of the new Society was the Gospel of St. John in the Mohawk language. In the nineteenth century various organizations sprang up in Canada to further Bible study and circulation; these co-operated, as auxiliaries, with the Society in England, and they also received help from the American Bible Society (founded 1816). One of the strongest of these Canadian groups was established in 1828; its name, in 1839, became "The Upper Canada Bible Society." It was not until 1904 that the fourteen Canadian auxiliaries of the parent Society united to form "The Canadian Bible Society"; in 1930 the name was changed to "The British and Foreign Bible Society in Canada and Newfoundland." "And Newfoundland" was dropped in 1949.

Indulgences: The Ordinary Power of Prelates Inferior to the Pope to Grant Indulgences (University of Ottawa Press, xiv, 199 pp.) by the Rev. J. E. Campbell would appear to be an authoritative discussion of its subject; it is fortified with copious footnotes and seven pages of bibliography. By an indulgence is meant a "remission before God of the temporal punishment due for sins whose guilt has already been forgiven." The author first offers an historical synopsis of his subject, and then a canonical commentary. On page 107 he notes but does not enlarge upon the abuse of indulgences in the Middle Ages.

Most of the friends of the late Dr. H. J. Cody, best known as rector of St. Paul's Anglican Church of Toronto (1907–1931) and as President of the University of Toronto (1932–1945) and its Chancellor (1944–1947), will be disappointed in his biography, *Canon Cody*, which has been written by the Rt. Rev. W. C. White (Ryerson, xii, 220 pp., $4). It is true that the author is concerned primarily with Dr. Cody's connections with St. Paul's Church. Nonetheless, this assemblage of pertinent facts, sermon extracts, and extraneous information, neither shows the art of a true biographer nor does justice to its subject who was in fact a distinguished Canadian.

The Life of the Right Reverend, the Honourable Charles James Stewart (London, Ont., Huron College, xiv, 237 pp., $4.50) by Thomas R. Millman is a sober and well-documented account of an Anglican clergyman who, after an eight-year rectorship in England,

volunteered as a missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and came to Canada under the latter's auspices in 1807. He served in two parishes in the Eastern Townships, acted as a travelling missionary in both Upper and Lower Canada, and finally in 1826 was elevated to the bishopric of Quebec. His diocese covered the two Canadas, and in this vast area he laboured faithfully, despite bouts of ill-health, until he left for England in September, 1836. He died in July, 1837. Unlike his contemporary, John Strachan, his interests were severely ecclesiastical, and except for his part in the Clergy Reserves controversy, he tried to avoid the larger social and political problems of the day. But his assumption that the Church of England had the same rights in the New World that it had in the Old, necessarily brought upon him all the antipathies of the non-conformists.

4. *War Books* HUGH MACLEAN

Most of the Canadian "war books" which have appeared since 1946 have been novels or "histories," official and otherwise. Hugh Garner's *Storm Below* and Earl Birney's *Turvey* (the latter perhaps not as warmly applauded by soldiers as by critics of the Canadian literary scene) have been the most successful war novels; the field tails off quickly after these two. Regimental histories have varied a great deal. A few show the results of intensive preparation, but many seem to have been hastily written and hurriedly published to deck some regimental occasion. Histories of higher formations, apart from those compiled or directed by Colonel C. P. Stacey and (for the Navy) Joseph Schull, are in the main no better than they should be. This year, however, something new has been added.

A type of war book which Canadians have not essayed with success is the informal account of personal war experience. This is a genre particularly congenial to Englishmen, whether they adopt Blunden's meditative air, or the impressionistic tone of A. J. Smith's neglected *A Captain Departed*. The best of these give a determinedly individualistic answer to the face of war. They combine frank independence of mind with unswerving attention to order and duty; one is reminded of Sir Thomas Picton, who rode against the French in the Peninsula attired in frock coat and top hat, brandishing a rolled umbrella—or even of the corduroys and scarves favoured by the Eighth Army's leaders.

Now we have a Canadian version of the form. The result, indeed, is not in the Blunden manner; but Waldo Smith's *What Time the Tempest* (Ryerson, x, 305 pp., $4) turns out well. He has written a

modest but very readable and at times thrilling account of his war career as a chaplain with the First Armoured Brigade and other units, chiefly in Sicily and Italy. The author's candid discussion of Dieppe, and his powerful vignette of a few hours in a Field Dressing Station during the battle for the Gothic Line, demonstrate his experience of army life and his comprehension of the soldier's point of view. He has a sharp eye for "human interest," but avoids sentimentality. His comments on the variety of personal problems which soldiers brought to their "Padres" are shrewd, instructive, and often moving. Best of all, he is thoroughly Canadian; although he likes *Punch* and is evidently somewhat disconcerted by Americans, his book has none of that obsequious buttering-up of the English which has sometimes clogged "Canadian" writing. The stock American major, complete with cigar, is here, to be sure; but so is the "silly-ass" Englishman. Smith prefers Canadians, and he makes that preference clear without belligerence. The author's courageous and likeable personality is not the least attraction of this book. *What Time the Tempest*, we may hope, will point the way for other Canadians who want to write about their war.

Dr. C. T. Bissell has contributed the following review of *The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders of Canada, 1928–1953.* (Hamilton, Regimental Headquarters, x, 407 pp.)

This is an official regimental history, and as such it constitutes what is usually described as an "invaluable record." The peace-time prologue and epilogue will have no interest to general readers, and very little to most of those who served with the regiment. The book is obviously by divers hands: the basis is the regimental diary upon which has been superimposed material drawn from the diaries of closely associated units and higher formations; finally, a diligent editorial process has added a note of factual sobriety. There still remain vestiges of an imaginative approach, in the descriptions, for instance, of the fantastic dream-like rush through undefended country after the crossing of the Seine, and there are excellent detailed accounts of engagements that are minor classics of infantry warfare: the taking of the German strong-point, Hill 195, in the advance from Caens to Falaise, and the river-crossing at Moerbrugge near Ghent.

5. *Canada: The Land and the People* — J. M. S. Careless

Under this heading, the most notable feature of the past year is the number of books that have to do with the region of Ontario. In fact, there is not much to report on for other parts of Canada. The relevant works for Ontario include a significant volume on archeo-

logical investigations in Huronia, an appreciative study of Upper Canada's principal literary pioneers, a monumental history of the town and port of Oakville, and an enthusiastic chronicle of mining development in the Sudbury district. And this does not exhaust the list.

The most general work in this group is *Ontario*, by Marjorie Wilkins Campbell (Ryerson, x, 219 pp., $4). It follows the usual pattern of the travel book: tours through various sections of the province, describing the terrain, the products and prospects, with a few anecdotes thrown in, and side-glances at the local historical background. This is a superior performance, however. It covers the many aspects of this large and variegated province with clarity and conciseness, and yet with pleasing informality. It is only regrettable that a number of minor factual errors weaken the book as a whole. Simcoe is said to have built Fort York in 1749, which would be three years before his birth; Brock died in 1812 at Queenston, not 1813—a small point, perhaps, but a rather standard date. Leamington was certainly not a haven for escaping American slaves in the early *eighteenth* century. Nor did Sir William Johnson ever inhabit "Chiefswood" at Brantford, having in any case died some ten years before the Brantford area was first settled.

From this survey of the present province of Ontario we turn to the early history of the region with *Sainte-Marie among the Hurons*, (Oxford, xiii, 128 pp., $3) by Wilfrid and Elsie McLeod Jury. This sums up the results of three years of archeological investigation, directed by Mr. Jury of the University of Western Ontario, at the partly uncovered site of Sainte-Marie, the chief Jesuit mission post in seventeenth-century Huronia. The book records both the work of research by which the site was revealed in all its surprising magnitude and the tragic story of the mission itself. Mr. Jury has been responsible for the archeological information supplied and Mrs. Jury for the historical material in its pages. The partnership is a happy one. *Sainte-Marie among the Hurons* combines history and archaeology to set forth a detailed reconstruction of the important mission-centre in its proper background, and at the same time clearly indicates the laborious and imaginative efforts that made the reconstruction possible. Yet the combination does not, perhaps, do full justice to either history or archaeology. It may be wondered whether this report is therefore wholly satisfactory and convincing to the scholar. And if it be too "popular" for him, is it sufficiently so for the general reader? That is to say, a more informal book, with less cut-and-dried reporting of articles discovered and more descriptive narrative of the digging

process might have been more suitable for a general audience. On the other hand, scholars might like to see a more intensive exposition of the findings at Sainte-Marie, since they are not all ready to accept Mr. Jury's conclusions, particularly with regard to the ditch through the works which he believes to be a canal with locks, contemporary with the first of this type in France. Still, all this largely amounts to saying that the Jurys had enough material for two books—which is not the common complaint levelled against authors.

Much later in Ontario's story we have *Authentic Letters from Upper Canada*, edited by Thomas Radcliff, with an introduction by James J. Talman (Macmillan, xxiv, 207 pp., $3). This is a most welcome re-publication of letters from pioneer settlers in Upper Canada which have been out of print since the Reverend Thomas Radcliff, a Dublin minister, first gathered and published them in 1833. They were written by members of the Magrath and Radcliff families who had emigrated to the colony between 1827 and 1832, and few other sources supply so vivid a picture of pioneer conditions in Upper Canada. For these letters were originally written solely as private correspondence; hence they do have a ring of authenticity, and no less vigour and colour. Macmillan's of Canada are to be congratulated for making this work available again, and also for their whole scheme of bringing back into general circulation a number of valuable accounts of early life in Canada under the title of "Pioneer Books," of which series this forms the first volume.

Otonabee Pioneers, by G. H. Needler (Burns and MacEachern, vi, 172 pp., $3.25) deals with the same period in Ontario, but its pioneers were consciously literary, and wrote on settlement life for as wide an audience as would buy their books. In fact, the enterprising group of transplanted gentry who settled in the forests along the Otonabee near Peterborough in the eighteen-twenties and thirties produced one of Canada's first literary flowerings, the "roughing it in the bush" school of writing—to use a title made famous by a prominent member of the school, Mrs. Susanna Moodie.

Professor Needler sets out to examine the lives and works of these literary pioneers (in both senses of the phrase) and produces a very useful handbook on Frances Stewart, Samuel Strickland, Catharine Parr Traill, Susanna Moodie, and a few connected personages. I say "handbook" advisedly. While there is nothing much that is new here, and little critical analysis, the sketches of the subjects' lives are competently done, and the well-chosen selections from their works bring together in one volume material that is otherwise scattered over many. Accordingly, the book supplies an excellent introduction to these

significant Upper Canadian figures. They deserve to be celebrated, and Professor Needler, with his warm feeling for them, and his close knowledge of their lake and river country, is well suited to the task.

Oakville and the Sixteen, by Hazel C. Mathews (University of Toronto Press, xxvi, 521 pp., $10) is a thoroughly admirable enterprise. It indicates the kind of local historical study that might be carried out for a host of Canadian communities, and one could only wish that it would have many imitators. Here is the history of Oakville from first beginnings as a Missisauga Indian reserve to new beginnings with the announcement in 1951 that the giant new Ford factory would be located nearby. It details the energetic career of William Chisholm, founder of the town and great-grandfather of the author, describes the high tide of Oakville as a port, in days when an Oakville-built brig carried cargo to Africa and back, recounts the decline of the port with the coming of railways, the rise again of Oakville as a summer resort and dormitory suburb, and finally its recent rapid growth with industrialization since the Second World War. In all this story there is a wealth of detail, but the main themes and the over-all perspective are not lost, as in so many merely antiquarian local studies. The details all fall into place to add interest and colour to the pattern as a whole.

The author too is to be congratulated for her work of research. In the absence of almost any local body of records in Oakville, she has collected information from points as far afield as Nova Scotia and Ireland, and this not only thoroughly documents the volume but in itself represents a valuable compilation of source-material. Finally, one should note, as still another virtue, that this work is one local history that has not been treated as a stepchild by the publisher. The book's form is as attractive as its contents. There are many illustrations in black-and-white and colour, well-executed line-drawings break up the lengthy text, and the typography is handsome and accurate. I cannot forbear, however, quoting one small slip which conjures up an agreeable picture: the statement (p. 123) that, on departing, "the steamer's canon thundered a salute" in days before the steam whistle.

Sudbury Basin, by D. M. Lebourdais (Ryerson, xiv, 210 pp., $3), might also be called an Ontario local history, one of quite different character, though with merits of its own. Not only does it deal with the rise of another kind of community in the young mining north, instead of the old agricultural south, but its emphasis lies on the development of techniques of production in the region rather than on the lives of its people. Nor is this unreasonable in a study of a com-

munity that depends so completely on the exploitation on the mineral resources of its bleak surroundings: for example, on the development of satisfactory processes of separating the nickel from the copper content of the rich Sudbury basin ores, and on the development of new uses for nickel alloys, especially in transportation industries. At any rate, as its sub-title, "The Story of Nickel," indicates, this is largely a technological history with a few chapters on the growth of Sudbury thrown in.

The result is not completely satisfying. The story at times is dry with figures and names of mining magnates and officials. One feels that Mr. Lebourdais has been inevitably influenced by the fact that this is, in a sense, "company history," the cost of the book having been underwritten by Falconbridge Nickel Mines Limited. Certainly, there is no real criticism of the rugged individualists in high places who made the mining north (and "labour" is not even indexed). Nor are the great men even effectively characterized. The author is far better at describing things than people. Within its limits, however, the book is informative and well worth reading, and shines with Mr. Lebourdais's enthusiastic belief, already set forth in his *Canada's Century* and *Nation of the North*, that "The metal age is bringing a new type of civilization to Canada." The only trouble is that a reading of *Sudbury Basin* makes eminently clear that it is a civilization whose greatest community achievement is the new municipal hockey arena, in which the cultural diversity of a polyglot people ends in a sterile devotion to spectator sport, and where "there is only one store in the city . . . devoted to the sale of books [and] . . . two dozen outlets for beer."

West of Ontario there are but three volumes to notice. The first of these, *This is Saskatchewan*, by Robert Moon (Ryerson, xii, 242 pp., $4), is another travel book in the Ryerson series on Canadian provinces. It is unpretentious—the author seems ready to admit there are few grand themes in the history of his province—but it is friendly, honest, and engaging. And one grand theme does emerge that is lacking in *Sudbury Basin*, the achievement of ordinary people in giving character and life to a vast section of the Canadian land. Mr. Moon lives up to his opening claim, to "tell you about Saskatchewan as a man who was born in it and has lived in it, has known it and loved it."

President Watson Kirkconnell contributes a notice of Thorstina Jackson Walters' *Modern Sagas: The Story of the Icelanders in North America* (Fargo, North Dakota Institute for Regional Studies, 229 pp., $3.75).

This is a full and scholarly record of a foreign language community in its experience of migration and readaptation to life on a new continent. Mrs. Walters, a graduate of Wesley College, Winnipeg, has a definite literary gift. Her introduction, "I Grew Up with the Pioneers," is a personal essay of rare charm. While much of her historical narrative deals with that part of the Icelandic community which lies south of the border, in North Dakota, she keeps the Canadian part of it also in view. In tracing the development of her people, she draws very generously on their poetic achievements and makes their cultural tradition the major factor in their life.

Paul Yuzyk's book deals also with the settlement and development in the prairie West. His *Ukrainians in Manitoba* (University of Toronto Press, xvi, 232 pp., $5) is a scholarly social history of an important group of Canadians, a group which now forms the largest element in the whole Canadian population after the British and French stocks. As the author says, "The history of the Ukrainians in Canada is essentially the history of Ukrainian Canadians in Manitoba," for here the group bulks particularly large and Winnipeg is really the cultural capital of the Ukrainian Canadian community. After a brief historical introduction to the Ukrainian past in Europe, Professor Yuzyk traces the process of settlement in Canada, the rise of Ukrainian communities, often in marginal areas of the western land where English-speaking settlement would not establish itself, and the amazingly rapid adjustment of this essentially peasant people to the point where Ukrainian Canadians were readily adapting themselves to North American urban and business life and some of them were rising high in the professions. At the same time the author has much of value to say on the cultural patterns of the Ukrainian Canadian community, its religious life, literature, intellectual development, and the effects of Canadianization. He also effectively disposes of the "delusion" that associates Ukrainians with communism in too many Canadian minds. This work is to be commended both as a history of some 400,000 Canadians who deserve to have their achievements recorded and as a lucid introduction of the Ukrainian community to the rest of the people of Canada. The Historical and Scientific Society of Manitoba also deserves more than one word of praise, as does the Government of Manitoba, for the project of studying the contributions made by various ethnic groups to Manitoba life, since it was as part of the society's project, backed by government aid, that this important volume was prepared.

Another important study of the contributions of an ethnic group to Canadian life deals with the Gaelic-speaking Highlanders who

settled in Nova Scotia, and particularly in Cape Breton Island. This is *Highland Settler*, by Charles W. Dunn (University of Toronto Press, xii, 179 pp., $4). Comparison's between Professor Dunn's and Professor Yuzyk's books suggest themselves, and one might say that they are unfavourable to neither. Obviously the themes of the two works differ widely in place of settlement, in character of settlers, and in time of settlement, since the Ukrainians came in the great twentieth-century migration from Europe, while the Highlanders arrived in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Yet parallels suggest themselves, in that both represented a non-English-speaking, impoverished rural group, subordinated in their own homelands, who settled largely in marginal areas in the new country, in their own communities, and who finally went through a process of absorption into the English-speaking majority. Of course, the Gael has left characteristic marks on Nova Scotia, quite apart from Highland names and games, but plainly the Gaelic language and culture is dying out.

Yet it would seem that the most interesting difference between these two excellent books is that Professor Yuzyk approaches his people as a social scientist, Professor Dunn as a humanist, particularly concerned with Gaelic culture and literature—and incidentally his study is embellished with plentiful translation from the language and poetry of the Gaelic settler. On the other hand, one might say that the social and economic aspects of his story receive far less consideration. This is not to condemn it. It may be that more truth lies in the penetration of the humanist into the traditions of peoples than in the broader approach of the social scientist. At any rate *Highland Settler* presents a convincing portrait of its subject, done with sympathy, knowledge, and understanding.

Two other works in this section also treat the land and people of Canada with sympathy and understanding, but through the medium of photography. Richard Harrington's *Northern Exposures* (Nelson, 119 pp. $5), arranged and edited by Clifford Wilson, superbly portrays in both monochrome and colour the several Norths of Canada, from the forested lake lands of northwestern Ontario to the Yukon mountains, or to the treeless shores of Hudson Bay. *Image of Canada* by Malvina Bolus (Ryerson, 224 pp. $5.50) offers a photographic essay that covers the Canadian landscape, resources, people, and culture in a way that comes close to proving the well-tried aphorism that one picture is worth ten thousand words. The photographs in this book were all selected from the pages of the *Canadian Geographical Journal*, and reflect nothing but credit on the journal

and its parent, the Canadian Geographical Society, for which *Image of Canada* was compiled.

The last work to be considered also provides a general treatment of the Canadian land and people today, but one that is not particularly marked by fresh insight. Perhaps it would hardly be fair to expect this from a collection of public addresses by different speakers on aspects of the contemporary Canadian scene. Clearly such a work will be uneven in performance and eclectic in content. Yet *Canada, Nation on the March* (Clarke Irwin, xii, 212 pp., $3.50) could at least have been given a fairly substantial introduction to try to link its topics together. The origin of the book is interesting. It is the result of an invitation to a group of distinguished Canadians to give a series of lectures on their country at Town Hall in New York in the spring of 1953. The lecturers, indeed, included many distinguished Canadians drawn from a variety of fields, among them A. W. Trueman, Lester B. Pearson, Hume Wrong, Grattan O'Leary, and James S. Duncan. The lectures, however, are generally long on information and short on interpretation. They provide a great many facts about Canada, clearly and concisely expressed, but not much understanding of this "nation on the march." Certainly there is little attempt to tell us where the march is leading or where it came from; but we do learn that we have a lot of petroleum and pulpwood.

Nevertheless the book can be recommended as a practical summary of Canadian achievement, modestly told, yet tremendously impressive in its own way. And in its clear, matter-of-fact presentation of what Canadians are doing, as well as its pretty complete neglect of who they are or why they are, this probably says more than any other work of the past year about Canada, the land and the people, in the present age.

6. *Other Books* R. L. McDougall and the Editor

The few books to be mentioned in this final subsection of "English-Canadian Letters" are even more heterogeneous than in other years. First, Dr. R. L. McDougall has contributed the following paragraph on two volumes by Emily Carr, *The Heart of a Peacock* (Oxford, xvi, 234 pp., $3.50) and *Pause: A Sketch Book* (Clarke, Irwin, viii 148 pp., $3).

Two volumes of word-sketches and stories by Emily Carr, *The Heart of a Peacock* and *Pause*, are important additions to those eccentric recastings of her experiences which brought her some reputation as a writer before her death in 1945. The material comes now by way of literary executors and we may be a little uneasy at the

prospect of too extensive rummaging (one remembers the treatment given another Emily to the south). And indeed some of the work included in *The Heart of a Peacock* does slight service for the name of the author. Nevertheless, these two volumes at least are welcome, and are on their own account generally pleasing. *Pause* finds its unity of subject in Emily Carr's stay of eighteen months in Sunhill Sanatorium, to which she was dispatched in 1902 from schooling in London when her health temporarily broke down. The word-sketches (unlike the rather banal drawings which accompany them) are consistently shrewd in conception, by turns gentle and caustic in tone. They give slight notice to chronology, perhaps not much greater notice to fact. For here, as in her other books, Emily Carr manifestly redisposes, accentuates highlights, eliminates whatever is in conflict with her essential vision of herself, of other people, of things. In her the eye of the graphic and the literary artist are one. *The Heart of a Peacock* comprises sketches which could quite well have been included originally either in *Klee Wyck* or *The Book of Small*. But despite occasional duplication and moments of low inspiration the net gains are considerable—notably in the lean power of the Indian tales and in the perceptive studies of animal life. There is confirmation of certain weaknesses too, of course. Sometimes ellipsis in style become mere mannerism, and there is often loss of control in the movement of sustained narrative. And some may be further disturbed by the rather pompous gestures which range barbarians and philistines against an Emily Carr who is much, much holier than others, particularly in her attitude to Indians, animals, and birds. Yet to quarrel with these gestures is irrelevant. They are a concomitant of the very authority which is the central excellence of her art. Ira Dilworth, editor of *The Heart of a Peacock*, provides useful biographical information in a brief introduction to this volume.

The only book of travel to be noticed, except for those already mentioned among memoirs, is *White Wings around the World* (Ryerson, xiv, 187 pp., $4.50), the experience of Donald M. Green as described by Jessie L. Beattie. He went on a leisurely 45,000-mile voyage in Captain Irving Johnson's brigantine *Yankee*, a well-equipped hotel under sail, though it was a hotel in which the owner and all the paying guests were also the operational staff. Most were fairly young (Donald Green was nineteen) and all apparently of families that were not exactly impoverished. *White Wings around the World* is a youth's travelogue, with pictures of the West Indies, Galapagos, Pitcairn, Tahiti, Samoa, etc.—factual, earnest, and enthusiastic. Although the young travellers were encouraged to read

about the people and places they would see—the ship carried an adequate library—the record is only of surfaces, of the colourful and changing spectacle of distant lands and seas.

This year's most popular and controversial book on education, *So Little for the Mind* by Hilda Neatby, is to be reviewed in a later number of the QUARTERLY. On the related subject of teaching, Professor Bert C. Diltz of the Ontario College of Education has published a new volume, *The Sense of Wonder* (McClelland & Stewart, xvi, 279 pp., $3.75). It is addressed to teachers of English, many of them Mr. Diltz's former students, and four-fifths of the space is given to instruction and exhortation on how to teach certain poems, short stories, etc. that are, I suppose, included in the English curriculum of the Ontario schools—the instruction being illustrated at length in a kind of pedagogical catechism in which the teacher asks the right questions about the literary work and the well-trained students give the proper answers. Mr. Diltz is passionately devoted to his subject and he understands and wants to show how literature is an interpretation of life, but I wonder if he has considered the embarrassing possibility that these model lessons of his might be pounced upon as a sort of officially approved crib by, let us say, some broken-winded and unliterary instructor in athletics who found himself, as he well might, retired from the gymnasium to teach English during the long afternoon of his career. The earlier chapters include many indications but no systematic exposition of Mr. Diltz's views on education. His manner is assertive, emphatic, and critical. He is on the side of the angels, certainly, and sees the rebel host arrayed under the banner of progressivism. Like Newman, he would defend the frontier of liberal education against the materialists with their crass ideas of practicality and progress; unlike Newman, he apparently sees no need to define and separate the areas of liberal education and religion. However, the chapter on "Christ and the Curriculum" is not as disturbing as its title. Mr. Diltz advocates no Bible-college curriculum in literature; indeed, in that chapter he does little more than show that, even from the professional point of view of O.C.E., Jesus was an excellent teacher—"He created learning-situations out of the raw material of life."

There is no more inappropriate transition in this survey than from Mr. Diltz's volume to Eric Nicol's comic sketches, *Twice over Lightly* (Ryerson, xiv, 137 pp., $2.25). His usual manner is wise-cracking, farcial, and mildly ribald. Most of the sketches appeared in his column in the Vancouver *Province*, others in *Maclean's*, or were given as talks over the CBC. Often the timing is of the comedian of vaude-

ville and radio, every second sentence having its punch-phrase, after which we hear in silence the whinneying and handclapping of the enraptured audience. Mr. Nicol is a wit, no doubt, but too much of this fun, as when we read through the whole volume without a rest, can be numbing.

It may seem to be an apt transition from Mr. Nicol's occasional leering witticisms to *Sex and the Nature of Things* (Dodd, Mead, xiv, 256 pp., $4) by N. J. Berrill. But Professor Berrill has not published a Kinsey report. This is a biologist's description and history of life on our planet, addressed to the adequately intelligent but non-scientific reader, and written with admirable liveliness and lucidity. The author is particularly skilful in marshalling vast amounts of scientific observation and interpenetrating it with speculation on the history of life. Some of the speculations may appear very bold to the layman, as for example the suggestion that colour-blindness in the sub-anthropoid mammals may indicate that the ancient mammalian ancestors of man in the age of reptiles survived extinction by becoming furtive nocturnal creatures for millions of years and so lost the sense of colour, until their simian descendants took to the tree-tops and the sunlight and eventually recovered it. This volume is not as attractive from a literary point of view as the author's *Journey into Wonder* of the year before where he was able to draw on the great stories of exploration and discovery, but as a work of popular scientific exposition it is even better than the other book.

VI. PUBLICATIONS IN FRENCH

W. E. Collin

A word familiar to French ears, inquietude, signifies the sickness of the age, spiritual restlessness. There is a way of treating it serenely, hopefully, in the knowledge that restlessness is an attribute of the human soul which cannot rest until it rests in God. This is the attitude we find in *L'Inquiétude humaine* (Paris, Edns Montaigne, 230 pp., 660 fr.) by Jacques Lavigne, a young philosopher, professor in the University of Montreal. At the core of M. Lavigne's meditations is the notion of a beyond, a transcendant, an ideal. If we seek fulfilment through our senses, our science, art, or social life, we meet difficulties, we reach a limit, we feel impotent, we realize that there is a beyond. The author explores all these ways in order to say: this is not the end. Art is a means through which existence seeks its end. It makes us see an ideal world. It transfigures things so that they cease to be obstacles to our ascent. There is social inquietude, a lack of balance

between society and the individual, because man comes to society with an ideal which transcends the world. Society has its limits which make us look higher, pass beyond it. Here we have no abiding peace; we borrow from an infinite the justice, charity, and light which we painfully miss in our various social activities. M. Lavigne's treatise contains critiques of capitalism, communism, and the doctrine of the common good. Certain notions are unusual in his thought: the notion of limit, of factors which are extrinsic to the essence of man (race, power, money, birth), the idea of "erring if we do not return to ourselves and listen to our spirits"; but on the whole M. Lavigne's thought belongs to a tradition which extends from St. Augustine through St. Thomas and Pascal to Maurice Blondel.

II

Certain novelists use traditional patterns of thought to resolve restlessness into peace. André Brugel's *Serge Fromentin* (Montréal, Edns Chantecler, 189 pp., $1.75) is a case in point. It is the story of a French singer and music teacher who settled in Montreal. He was then a man of sixty; he knew that his operatic career was at an end; he felt lonely and would like to have returned to Europe. But many young students flocked to his studio and his presence in Montreal had a purpose. At the beginning of the story we learn that he is an unbeliever and the secret of the fiction is laid bare. Fromentin's "whole life had been spent in a world in which it was never a question of God. People never spoke of God. Did He exist? No doubt He did. He was the Supreme Being." On the shelves of his library, books by Renan, Loisy, and Le Dantec stood out prominently. The novelist proceeds to the conversion of Fromentin and, in a larger perspective, to a demonstration of the power of the holiness of French Canada to redeem free-thinking France. In the novel, Abbé Salva, one of Fromentin's students, asks him to sing at the bedside of a woman who was dying of cancer. He sang: "Our Father," "Hail, Mary." It was a lesson in religious solidarity. "In my mind," said Fromentin, "I am united to all those who pronounce those words. It is a very strong feeling. I pray with the same sincerity. A breath lifts me up in spite of myself. I am upheld by millions of praying souls." But Fromentin was not loved by all his students. One of them accused him of alienating his sweetheart's affections and shot him. In the hospital the master recovered sufficiently to be wheeled around in a chair by a religious who stopped at the chapel to say her prayers. She invited him to join her. At the altar their two voices blended and Fromentin felt "a light in his soul, then a vehement, irresistible, whole-hearted

surrender." "I understand what conversion is," he said, "Huysmans' and Claudel's, for example." He dies clasping a rosary. "André Brugel" is the personality the Abbé Paul Lachapelle assumes for the purpose of curing souls fictionally. His two personalities have trouble keeping the peace. Brugel the novelist feels he must be content to observe, to stand by and wait; the Abbé Lachapelle wants to lead erring souls to the altar.

Destin de femme by Maurice de Goumois (Québec, Institut Littéraire du Québec, 205 pp.) is a study of the marital status known as legal separation. "If in the land of Quebec there can be no question of divorce, there still remains a way out for a person who is prepared to face opprobrium, who is not afraid of passing for a scabby sheep, that is, separation. It was true that Aline would never be able to marry again unless she became a widow, but at least she could die a good Catholic." Aline Veilleux was born in a frame house on the banks of the Chaudière River. Her father was a woodsman by nature. He married at twenty, "as was the custom," and after the wedding went back to his old way of life, the life of long absences from home. For Albéric Veilleux and his wife Noëlla, and for the majority of people, "life was a fairly obscure function willed by God and happily regulated by the Church—a proven way of living reasonably in peace and of saving one's soul. What more could one ask for?" Aline the oldest child had little to commend her. She was thin, her eyes were large, her nose too long. Yet there was something in her that excited the envy of her companions. She wore homespun clothes, but she wore them elegantly; she chose her words and pronounced them sensitively. The distinctive thing about Aline was her natural good taste, her sense of what was fitting. She married Charles Désilets, a dentist who had lately come to the village. That he was thirty and Aline seventeen did not occasion any alarm, but the wedding was a failure. Désilets wanted to dominate Aline and Aline hated the principle that a woman must obey her husband. One night Désilets staggered home and beat her, and she left him. In court she was granted a legal separation. From now on the author recounts her liaisons with a number of gentlemen each of which contributes its quota of anguish till the grand total is cancelled in a perfect marriage. But she incurred the censure of the women. "By her action she had shaken the sacred institution of marriage which, for them, was the only sheet-anchor and the only secure refuge." Even her sisters said she had brought disgrace to the family. People in the village pointed her out and spoke of her as a "separated woman." "They were more Catholic than Christian." Georges Lévesque, hotel keeper and bootlegger, was the only one who dared to

offer her hospitality. Her father said: "You will have to leave this place and begin your life again where people are less wicked because they do not know each other so well." In Quebec she found a situation as a saleswoman and a mannequin in a department store. At a fashion display she was the only Canadian model; the rest were from New York and the manager, Jacques Lehoux, noticed her and made her a buyer. At a ski resort in the Laurentians where she went for a holiday she met two men, Gordon Aldrich and Robert Armstrong. They are two aspects of one problem. "You French-Canadians," said Aldrich, "are entrenched behind your language and your religion." Armstrong, "the only man who ever made Aline's heart vibrate," is more nationalist than a pure-bred French-Canadian. "We want no meddling with our faith and our language." Aline would have followed Robert to the end of the world; but she was married; she had to refuse him. Troubled by her relationship with Lévesque she decided to take a trip to Europe, where she met Robert's mother. Aline felt that there was a great gulf between herself, an unworthy sinner, and Madame Armstrong, a model of respectability. On her return to Montreal, Aline learned that her husband had met his death in a car accident. Her old friend Lévesque retired courageously and gracefully before more youthful suitors. At a reception given by Jacques Lehoux, Aline met Robert Armstrong again, and he was eager to marry her. Madame Armstrong did not favour the wedding; she could not forget Aline's past. But for Robert and Aline the past was dead. "The wandering sheep had returned to the fold." Artistically impure, the novel has the air of being a nationalist novel while, actually, it probes the anguish of separation.

M. Arthur Saint-Pierre, who for many years has occupied himself with social problems, has published a novel, *La Croche* (Montréal, Bibliothèque Canadienne Enrg., 196 pp., $1.50), which, though compounded of traditional ideas, is superior to most of its kind. The book is named after one of its characters, Judith Côté, a deformed woman. Her sister Barbara married the man Judith loved, the handsome Louis Girard. The Girards had been farmers since the end of the seventeenth century; the land had passed from father to son in what appeared to be an endless sequence. But Louis marked the end of it; a vain man, he wrecked the stone house to build a modern cottage in its place; he mortgaged the land; he spoke of selling out and going to the States. Providentially an epidemic carried him off, along with three of his children. Barbara then assumed control of the farm and called in Judith to help with the chores. Now that Louis was dead, Judith transferred her affection to his son Albert, who was spared.

Indeed both women work from morning till night with one thought: to snatch Albert from a farmer's fate and establish him in the superior dignity of a notary or politician. As a consequence, Albert grew up a spoiled boy and the farm was neglected. When at last Albert found himself a fully-fledged lawyer he realized that to succeed he must have money, and a rich marriage seemed the only solution. Looking about him he thought Louise Labbé, the daughter of an intelligent, hard-working farmer with a considerable fortune, was an easy victim. Judith favoured this match. On learning that Louise's inclinations were toward André Leroy, a neighbour's son and graduate of Oka College of Agriculture, she conceived a plan of revenge and moved a fence line so as to stir up ancient animosities between the Labbé and Leroy families. During a corn-husking in Labbé's barn, Louise publicly demonstrated her preference for André by handing him a red ear of corn which entitled the finder to kiss his "blonde." Though Albert promised her dignity and elegance, Louise "was sure of being happy" with André. Too shallow to be disappointed, Albert Girard succumbed to the lures of a portly, unattractive town lady with a substantial dowry. André and Louise were married and departed for the new spacious region of Abitibi where they meant to settle and continue the agricultural way of life which had been sanctified by centuries of folk custom.

The characters in *La Croche* are symbols, representatives of nationalist thought. Albert Girard is the man who "deserts" the farm, the man who yields to the temptation of city values; André is the man who remains faithful to the sacred soil; Louise Labbé is the woman who turns a deaf ear to the city and heeds the call of her race to colonize the north country; Judith, the hunchback with one leg shorter than the other, is symbolic of a deformity of soul, a deep-seated desire for revenge. In the presentation of this picture of the French-Canadian soul, vigour is noticeable in the deformed will, the will to revenge—also, in the will to escape from a choring life to a life of dignity and power in the community. On the other hand, the respect for the patriarchal tradition is half-hearted. The decision to colonize comes almost as an afterthought; the notion of a virile life in the northern regions lacks the force of deep conviction. Contrary to his intention, M. Saint-Pierre makes us feel that certain patterns of nationalist thought have lost their cogency.

Nationalism as a type of collective thinking is given short shrift in J.-C. Harvey's *Les Paradis de sable* (Québec, Institut Littéraire du Québec, 242 pp., $1.75). This writer is an ideological novelist. "In *Les Demi-Civilisés*," writes M. Dostaler O'Leary, "Jean-Charles Har-

vey attacked a problem which he was the first to treat in the novel: the problem of liberty or, more precisely, the problem of man or men who will to manifest their liberty freely in a static and conventional society." In his new book M. Harvey presents a struggle between two worlds, the humanitarian and the authoritarian; between two wills, the individual will and the collective will. What counts in it is the doctrine and the Voltairean lucidity; the passion is in the doctrine. After the fashion of the nationalists who call their country Laurentia, Harvey calls it Nordania; Montreal, the capital, is Micouagan. On a boat trip Désiré Julineau meets members of the Party (plainly Communist); in particular he becomes acquainted with Martial Pâturon who is anxious to have him join the Party and to that end takes him to their meetings. One ardent crusader is Sophia Rogov who had been a good spy in Russia. The police padlocked her place and as Désiré looked on he noticed Sylvie who, like himself, had come to visit Sophia. At first Sylvie warded him off but they became fond of each other and went off to the hills. She was married to Philémon Letendre, a lawyer and a nationalist, for whom she had no deep affection. In the Laurentian hills she paints and Désiré writes. When he ventured into the city to obtain more intimate knowledge of the Party's plans for the conquest of Nordania he was surprised by Party men and died in a scuffle, a martyr in the cause of freedom. Certain matters tax our will to believe; the idea, for example, that Désiré is fanatical enough to refuse the million dollars willed him by his uncle. But if the fiction is not entirely convincing, the doctrine is salutary. It is expressed in the early pages where Désiré is arguing with Martial.

> When I demonstrated to you that man, by his inner decision, or rather by his very essence, freely resolves upon doing good or evil, or even a gratuitous act, only one conclusion occurs to an honest mind: the existence of a conscience and a moral sense which fall under individual responsibility alone and of which no collective power can be ignorant. In the true sense of the word there are no collective actions that are moral or immoral; there is no collective conscience; there are only individual consciences. We have, each one of us, to answer for our acts, each one to bear in himself his condemnation or his salvation.

In Paul Legendre's *Fête au village* (Québec, Institut Littéraire du Québec, 205 pp., $1.50) nationalist ideas are subjected to gentle mockery. This Nordanian village exists as the contradiction of a town. The town is a place where there is "no air, no trees, no grass." From that Gomorrah "deserters" return to the country, where they are washed clean of their sins. They are now "absolved traders," exemplars of holy living. There is an ironic tone in the "Land of our

Fathers" sung by four generations of voices in this village, in the dramatic representations of Brother Anselm, "son of the soil," who knew nothing about drama but something about René Bazin and Canadian authors "of other days." Yet in a village may be found, as Adrien Thério shows in his *Les Brèves Années* (Montréal, Fides, 173 pp., $1.50), the atmosphere favourable to friendships which may last a lifetime. This story of two boy friends is pleasant but somewhat irritating as it does not grow as the characters grow into anything strong; even the tone is the same at the end when we come to the crises of adult life as it was when the author described the pleasures of childhood. On the other hand, there are lives in the average village which are sterile. M. Jean Filiatrault set out to depict such lives in *Terres stériles* (Québec, Institut Littéraire du Québec, 206 pp., $1.50). The hearts of the characters here are like tracts of desert land, made sterile by hate. Marie-Louise, fleeing from the wrath of a choleric, dominating father, is brought home by a neighbour who comforts her. A lazy fellow with an eye to his own future, Fortunat makes friends with the old man and marries Marie-Louise. Then the father dies. But the peace the couple had hoped for never descended upon them for the father's bad temper erupted in his daughter. Marie-Louise made life unbearable for her lazy husband who was forced to seek refuge under his daughter's roof. But he was unwelcome there. Providentially, he got into an accident and expired under his wife's repentant eyes. Marie-Louise grew accustomed to being alone; she was even happy. "The desert of her life seemed a supreme refuge; at last she knew the sweetness of the solitude she had longed for all those fifteen years she had spent with Fortunat, simply because she did not have to share it. Till the summer Marie-Louise lived like that, nothing troubled the animal rhythm of her existence." Another writer might have ended the story there, but Filiatrault knows that he is dealing with a poisoned soul and he must show us that hate burns itself up in the end. Marie-Louise was not left in peace. The doctor asked her to nurse a young student back to health. Then she lived under the illusion that Philippe was her own son and tried to exclude everybody, even the doctor, from her domain. It was too late. One night she discovered that Philippe had died. Placidly, like an automaton, Marie-Louise went to the kitchen, pulled her rocking-chair to the centre of the room, took the lamp in her hands and sat down. Then, in a dumb frenzy, she threw the lamp, shattered it against the wall and, continuing to rock in her chair, she watched the flames creep up the curtains.

She was reigning now in the centre of her hell. Suddenly, in the centre of the circle of fire, her father stretched out a long, fleshless hand. A

scream of hate escaped from her vast bosom. Even before the flames touched her, she was burning. The inner fire which was devouring her was stronger than all the pains she had known up till then. . . . She was alone, face to face with that cursed father, and for the first time, without constraint, she breathed forth the implacable, deathless hatred which she had vowed against him. At last Marie-Louise accepted her truth, the monster that was in her.

The distinctive features of Eugène Cloutier's *Les Témoins* (Montréal, Cercle du Livre de France, 226 pp.) are the will to understand and the new method employed towards understanding the base passion of jealousy. The intellectual purity of this metaphysical novel amazes us. It opens with the statement: "François wants to understand." François, a medical student, marries Line. He is very fond of his friend Claude, also a medical student and a pianist. He invites him to visit at their summer cottage in the Laurentians. Attracted to each other by the force of psychic affinity, Line and Claude fall into each other's arms and François, in a fit of jealousy, shoots them both. Desiring to understand this act, the novelist approaches it along various avenues. The fiction pictures a court-room full of people presided over by a judge who calls witnesses one at a time. The "witnesses" are not people: they personify ways of understanding. When their testimonies are taken together, we have a total understanding of a human action. With ideas such as "acte gratuit" and "disponibilité," instruments of thought borrowed from André Gide, the first witness, the lucid mind, sought to put aside the principles of François' early education and do away with his feeling of guilt. He would not believe in God; he preferred to build existence on "gratuitous criteria" which would allow François to "live intensely." He believed he could transform Line's instincts, transpose them to a higher plane. But he had to give place to another force, the force of life. "Certain bodies emanate physical, material waves which attract and complete each other. Individuals are linked together by affinities. Music is the art which appeals to these mysterious forces, it beats in harmony with the dark apprehensions of the subconscious." By this law Claude and Line fell into each other's arms. The dark mind triumphed over the lucid mind. Claude's passion for music gave him an absolute superiority over François who felt his dignity diminished and he shot Claude and Line.

The second witness testifies to the split which occurs when we become self-conscious: he is witness to the conflict between spirit and flesh. "A nightmare," he says, "has taken root in me since early childhood, the only period of purity in my life." Unlike the first witness, he is incapable of a "gratuitous act." "My crime is not a gratuitous act . . . alone with myself I struggled hard to imagine actions which

were disinterested." This witness suffers anguish when he is forced to choose to act in one sense or another. When Line appears he has to choose. On the one hand the morality he was taught forbade him to love physically outside the rigid frame of marriage. He feels there is a lack of "correspondence" betwen the moral law and his inner law. He is in a "metaphysical labryinth." François married Line, but their "real marriage took place before their artificial marriage." In loving Line with a pure love he had a feeling that he was violating God's law, that God wanted to withdraw himself forever, a feeling of being left in the dark, and a feeling also that, if he called, God would come and guide them in the night. At the cottage the three of them had the same desire: to retire from the world and take up again their real faces. Here is revealed the tragic irony of the desire for purity, for without masks Line and Claude were twin souls, "two melodies harmoniously attracted to each other." Feeling repelled like a discord François called God but God did not recognize his voice. Out of the darkness of God's absence he shot Claude and Line.

Sensuality, the next witness, speaks of the "physiological conspiracy" of which Claude and Line were victims. Like Gide's hero this man enjoys the fruits of the earth, the pleasure of varieties of women, the idea of eternal woman. He testifies that François shot Claude and Line for lying together.

Revolt is the next witness to be called, metaphysical revolt, the revolt of the individual against society. Besides being acquainted with Gide he also knows Sartre and Camus. "I was given an existence," he says, "but this gift includes paradoxes and contradictions, ideas of freedom and eternal punishment, liberty of choice and liberty of a stone pushed around by a crowd, poverty and wealth." In telling this story, the history of revolt, this witness paints a frightening picture of industrial society after the production-line pattern. The one desire of men is to escape. At the cottage, stripped of mechanical conventions, the three friends feel the brutal breath from the depths of nature as a menace. François saw Claude and Line defy the conventions and shot them both. Crime is the end result of revolt.

The last witness is a youth of eighteen, the adolescent François, who cries: "I am the only one who knows the truth." Virile, intense life runs through him like a flame; but he cannot find his dream girl in any real girl. In his ideal world, love is afraid to touch flesh. He says: "I was jealous from the very moment Line surrendered her body to me." Jealousy is the touch of flesh which makes the ideal inaccessible. The union of Claude and Line transcended the flesh; it was music; it was poetry; it was life, which this jealous man cannot

reach. "I would fain have cried out . . . but how could I make myself heard when they were already evolving beyond reality, in a world where forms merge with colours, where sounds dance to the same rhythm as images and desires"—Swedenborg's world of spiritual correspondences, the angelic world of Balzac's Séraphita. M. Cloutier's dramatic method of exploring a base feeling like jealousy has the virtue not only of revealing a multitude of tragic ironies but also of providing a catharsis.

André Giroux' second novel, *Le Gouffre a toujours soif* (Québec, Institut Littéraire du Québec, 176 pp., $1.80), is deceptive in its simplicity. We are permitted to become acquainted with only one character and he may not strike us as a very noble soul. The tragedy appears commonplace. The truth is that by simple arts Giroux opens our eyes upon a prospect of essential things. His book is a study of slow death by fear, and, at the same time, a protest against a God of sin, and a cleaving to a God of love. As in the earlier novel, *Au delà des visages* (1948), Giroux groups a number of witnesses round a dying man to show the discrepancy between their values and the essential truths glimpsed by his soul. Jean Sirois, who had been ill and absent a while from the office, asked his employer Charles Poirier for an increase in salary. Poirier, symbol of the soulless executive, refused his request and threatened to retire him if he fell sick again. Sirois was not a fully qualified engineer, and in the exercise of his profession he felt subordinate to others. That feeling made him a weak man, and fear of losing his job made him sick. Marie, his wife, reported to relatives when he went to hospital for observation that he had cancer in his right lung. In bed, Sirois felt protected from the world's incomprehension, the threats and menaces of life. He was visited by friends, by the priest; but his condition deteriorated. Lucid moments alternated with moments in which he was tortured by frightful visions. The story ends with a gesture which expresses the author's hatred of a society in which the essential thing is to wear a mask. On learning that Sirois was dead, Poirier called a messenger and instructed him to be present at the funeral. "Don't forget," he told him, "to give my name to the reporters." In this story cancer is the fictional name for slow death by fear; not fear of physical pain, but fear of the essential mysteries, life, love. One visitor remarked that Sirois's sense of original sin was "not rigorously orthodox." His feeling was that all civilization can offer us is legality, when what we want is love. He was trying to escape from original sin, trying to cleave to original purity. He is orthodoxy in reverse; he believed in demons when others believed in angels. Demons reveal us to ourselves. Demons, not angels, make us conscious

of our souls. "With regard to Claude [his son] you must teach him Satan, so that he may know what to hold to, so that he will flee him, not out of cowardice, but out of love, in complete knowledge and with the full consent of his will, as the reverse of sin." The idea of the resurrection of the flesh caused Jean to remark: "Yes, I have loved the flesh. Have you noticed that many Catholics dare not love the flesh? They confuse it with sin. To them the flesh seems to veil God. It helps me to understand Him. When I think that He became flesh!" Fear, Giroux seems to say, produces mental transparency; the fear-ridden man is a clairvoyant in whose sight religious commonplaces are reversed, masks fall off and essential things are revealed which cannot be grasped in ethical life.

There is a new beauty in the art of André Langevin and Andrée Maillet which we may call the beauty of "thrill." In them we find the elements of a new aesthetic. Baudelaire introduced into literature the swarming life of a city. Guillaume Apollinaire invented new forms and introduced a new type of feminine beauty, the goddess of "Adventure" who replaces the old god of "Order." To the new cult André Gide contributed two fertile ideas: "disponibilité" and "l'acte gratuit." Of late, Jean Paul Sartre has contributed "existentialist" thrills and Albert Camus the concept of "metaphysical revolt."

André Langevin, in *Poussière sur la ville* (Montréal, Cercle du Livre de France, 213 pp.), uses the elements of this new aesthetic to make us undergo a sort of metamorphosis, the change that is taking place in the French-Canadian soul. To the little town of Macklin, where everything is covered with dust from the asbestos mines, a young doctor, Alain Dubois, brought his wife Madeleine. The town consisted of a main street, a school, a hospital, a cinema, a restaurant. The people were either miners or storekeepers. It always seemed to be raining; rain and asbestos dust everywhere made the place dingy, sad. Kouri's restaurant caught Madeleine's eye immediately. She had grown up among masses of humanity in a big city, moved in and out of restaurants run by Greeks and Syrians. With the restaurant and the cinema close at hand it was not long before Madeleine felt bored in her husband's company, told him so, and went off to Kouri's place. There were big fellows in there, muscular, fine specimens of men. Alain Dubois often found himself sitting and waiting for his wife to come home. To kill time and drown his anguish he would take a bottle of whiskey into his office and sit there. Madeleine would come home with Richard Hétu, one of the fellows she met at Kouri's. Dr. Dubois felt powerless to remedy the situation. There was no power to which he might appeal. If he interfered in the affair he would make

himself the laughing stock of the restaurant. Seeking solace young Dr. Dubois asked old Dr. Lafleur, who had befriended him: "Do you believe in God's justice? . . . Because I don't believe in it. I don't believe in a justice that deals the blows . . . a justice that breaks the innocent. . . ."

It was at the *réveillon*, the ritual meal after midnight mass, that Dubois learned of the distress in Madeleine's heart. It was their first Christmas. They sat down without noticing that there was not a scrap of food on the table. He went to the refrigerator, found some cold meat, put coffee to heat on the stove. She put on the necklace she found in a box at table. She was whimpering. "I love him, Alain. Even with him I'm not happy. . . . I don't think he loves me. . . . He took me because I gave myself." Dubois' heart overflowed with pity. All he wanted to do was to console her, to save her from divine injustice.

Tongues wagged. Madeleine was creating a scandal. She was an offence to the priest who sought out Dubois to warn him. "Nobody is free to cause scandal. Liberty does not consist in violating natural and divine law." "Liberty, for me," says Dubois, "means the power to reach the full limits of one's happiness." So the argument went until the priest declared: "In all frankness I warn you that I shall employ every honest means, even if I must force you to leave the town." She was an offence also to Prévost, the wealthy storekeeper. The authorities in town did their work. The priest announced the engagement of Richard Hétu to a girl he had found somewhere for the purpose. Prévost refused to lend Dubois money, and patients stopped coming to his office. Madeleine went to Hétu's house and shot him and then shot herself. He survived but Madeleine died. No one expected that Dr. Dubois would stay on in Macklin. Even old Dr. Lafleur advised him to move to some other town. "They accuse you, no one else but you and they accuse you of cowardice," he said. But Dubois did not leave. He stayed on to shower his pity upon them, to continue the fight against God's injustice. "I will force them to love me," he said. "I will love them and in loving them I shall be loving Madeleine still. If they decided in her favour it was because they recognized that she was one of themselves."

The characters in Langevin's book are symbolic figures. The priest is the custodian of the ark of the covenant of the old order. The rich merchant incarnates the bourgeois values: money, interest, prudence, creature comforts and securities, the refusal to take risks. Madeleine with her red hair is the goddess of flaming youth: she is "a ball of

fire," Canadian model of Apollinaire's "la jolie rousse." She is the spirit of risk, as we realize at the beginning when she steps on the accelerator in a wild desire to beat the train to the railway crossing. She is "the thirst for the absolute"; she is the life of sensation, the dangerous life. She is Gide's "disponibilité" incarnate, readiness for whatever thrill may come. She is the negation of sentimentality and bourgeois values. She is the anguish of alienation from the static world. To dramatize her alienation Langevin uses a device which Balzac used in his life of Louis Lambert. Madeleine's life was exaltation; she really lived in a trance. Dubois could not penetrate into her world. She might come out of it to smile at him as she fondled the necklace he gave her; but she disappeared again immediately.

"Madeleine wanders about the house, a lost look in her eyes, nervously rolling a handkerchief in her hands. Even Theresa cannot draw her out of the haggard ecstasy in which she has been shut up for several days. She passes in front of you without seeing you. If you speak to her, she gives a start. She spends long hours leaning on the window sill, hardly moving. At table she eats practically nothing. She does not sleep. . . ."

Her young husband, Dr. Alain Dubois, incarnates the anguish of transition from the old worship to the new. First, bewilderment, and loneliness, abandonment, the dark night in which his soul flounders when the old faith is shaken; then the joy and radiant confidence when the revelation of the new life of love dawns upon him. This book is a simpler, clearer expression of the mystic experience of his first book, *Evadé de la nuit*. Here, as at the end of that book, we recognize that Langevin is leading our northern souls through shadows toward purity and light, of which snow is the mystic symbol.

Madame Andrée Maillet is editor of the review *Amérique Française*, to which she contributes reviews of current books, and she has written stories for children. *Profil de l'original* (Montréal, Amérique Française, 219 pp., $1.50) is her first novel. It, again, is full of literary thrills. Mme Maillet knows all the arts of immediacy, metamorphoses into which her characters escape, the sudden change from third person to first person, the inanimate forces of nature becoming a person, the gush of words pouring forth according to some law of free association or association of sound. A carnival of words, rare words, slang words, learned words, outrageous images in a world of chimeras, Apollinaire's or Hertel's, are all calculated to keep the mind and imagination sparkling. Mme Maillet also brings to the movement the powers of a metaphysical imagination which, with one glance, embraces the whole land mass from the Queen Charlotte Islands to

Labrador. How she can make us feel the frigid beauty of "the northern night"!

> Outside, in a transparent heaven, in that vault which looked as though it were made of obsidian, which an aeroplane's flight could perhaps have shattered, shone the stars. It was one of those calm colds that freeze the winds, a cold following snow. Yet an imperceptible movement of air touched the icicles hanging from the eaves of the cabin as a light hand on a harp and notes came forth to accompany the magic of that northern night, so cold, so marvellous, where everything was frozen so deeply by the winter that two beings, so you felt, might have spoken to each other from one end of the country to the other.

Not the least of Mme Maillet's gifts is the power to create myths. One of the stories told by trappers is the legend of the mad moose. Thirty years ago a woodsman by the name of John Austin was struck by an axe during a scuffle. In hospital he talked to the intern, Paul Bar, about his life and Bar followed him when he returned to the bush, thirsting for adventure. One evening Austin left the cabin to look for small game. He heard a crushing noise and, thinking it was a hungry bear, fired. A mother moose fell upon him and killed him. When Paul Bar came upon the scene a baby moose was standing by its dead mother. Bar carried it away, thinking he might raise it. He named it John Austin, and gave it gin sweetened with sugar to drink. A year later the young moose ran off after a female and, although Bar searched everywhere, he could not find it. Thinking that the animal would never come back Paul Bar also broke camp. "He travelled," the trappers said, "to forget, perhaps, and borrowing various names and personalities, hiding himself from himself as we all do on occasion, believing that by doing that we can escape failure or humiliation." As for the moose, since it had got accustomed to liquor and had none to drink, it went mad. In Madame Maillet's hands, these two ideas, the man who assumes various personalities to hide himself from himself, and the mad moose, are instruments of satirical thought.

One of the many forms into which Paul Bar metamorphoses himself is the form of the national poet Pierre-Marie Delostal. This man occupied a beautiful apartment in the city; he had a valet and a secretary. In the belief that hunger is the mother of poetry, he fasted from half past seven to nine in the morning at which hour he was served with a very substantial breakfast. Knowing also "that in these days competence is not enough, genius still less, one must sell oneself," he "groomed his person and his fame with the minutely meticulous art of a publicity agent." One day a radio announcer rushed into his study. "Only five years ago," said the reporter, "you were perfectly

unknown and today they talk about you all over the world. What is your recipe for glory?" "Conformity," replied the national poet, "integral and aggressive conformity." "Explain this to me," the reporter asked, "why are we such a superior people? Why is there so much talent among us?" The national poet replied: "Because we are Catholic and because we speak French." One evening he suddenly stopped at the door of his library. "In front of him, protuberant and sullen, was the crowned head of a magnificent moose, its neck circled with yellow copper, almost shaking its goatee. You would have thought it was a live moose which had put its head through the wall, so vivid were its eyes." Possessed by the thought of death, the poet turned on his heel and left his beautiful apartment, never to return. The horns and the goatee are the revealing features of the moose's profile. With this moose, the Canadian incarnation of the great god Pan, Mme Maillet has dramatized the anguish of the Canadian soul in its flight from God, not the god of Pharisees and men who sell themselves, but the god of life. The moose is the symbol of the nobility of Canadian life; as the city man is the symbol of fear.

In the end Paul Bar returned to the bush as a wanderer who knew all the crossroads from the Atlantic to the Pacific and back. He was free of burdens; all the impostures had fallen off his back. As he went, "the soil of the Blessed Province, our Cradle, was plunged in Autumn rains. Branches of bare trees: twisted bars against a chequered sky. The wind whimpered: the voice of sulky Paternosters chanted by dissatisfied folk. Mist: a curtain that does not hide the dirty window frame and the being with the filthy eyes, dying with envy behind his window." "What has become of the handsome Algonquins who inhabited these shores? Were we more necessary, we who have survived them?" Those were the questions the moose-man asked himself. Looking for his lost moose, Paul Bar became what he was—a child of the great and lost god, Pan. "Paul Bar became a wandering tree, putting out his hands like branches to move aside the white curtain which continued to fall in front of him, as though to hide the scene, the future, the very near future, from him." "The moon is Canadian," the author remarks. So is the snow. The moon silvered the dunes of fresh fallen snow. Paul Bar was back at the shack, at the clearing, when he saw before him the huge bulk of a moose. "John Austin," he murmured. The great animal pinned him to the ground as it had done John Austin. "Since he was happy," the author suggests, "perhaps he thought God exists and He is good."

Un Canadien errant (Paris, Edns de l'Ermite, 204 pp., $2) is a

collection of papers, partly autobiographical, always witty. Writes François Hertel:

> I was born timid and shivery in a northern land, in a country of pork eaters and beer drinkers. I never liked pork or beer. All my catastrophes began there . . . . A sort of impotence-complex savagely drove me towards power. Since I possess no kind of will this complex was stronger in me than everything else. I began to affirm my power. It was at the expense of my mother and my companions at school and college. Yet I was not wicked. Life imposed itself on me. Was I proud? Is will to power always a form of pride? I was pushed into wishing to become somebody important, in this or that . . . I didn't know quite what. I inclined towards letters because I'd never done anything else but read.

Had he progressed in the line of sport, he reflects, he might have been one of the glories of his country. Hertel left Canada in 1947 for Paris, "the chosen land of dreamers and failures who were aflame for a moment." He tells us of his wanderings along the quays, of Parisian types, especially "clochards" without hearth or room, of his summers in the Berri country writing poems which are more and more "hermetical." In Paris, Hertel could see Canada as a French-Canadian and as a Parisian. To make wise-cracks out of this situation he arranges transatlantic crossings in both directions. He takes two French-Canadian types to the continent and parades them as two "innocents abroad." The French-Canadian is backward in the realm of intellectual refinement, manners, language. His deficiency is not noticeable in Canada; "it astounds us most in Paris." Then he brings a Parisian to Canada, an existentialist, as we might expect in a story by Hertel whose ears are always out to catch the latest ideas in the philosophic air. Dr. Malo brought his existentialist spouse to Canada. He was a believer; Jeannine was a nihilist. It was not long before they quarrelled; French Canada and existentialism are incompatible. Jeannine looked for gratuitous acts on her husband's part, disinterested gestures. "At bottom, you never make a gesture without your ancestors. You have never been personally involved. You do not live." "And you," retorted her husband, "you live in a way you have learned out of books. You live according to Sartre and the others. Is that much better?" Jeannine went back to Paris and Dr. Malo resigned himself to bearing his cross alone.

A sense of the ridiculous plays an important role in Christian life, says Hertel. It was a humorous thought which inspired him to write a sort of history of religious experience from the days of Eden and Eve's apple through the Old Testament, the Church Fathers, down to recent times, with the idea of demonstrating the lofty moral value of

the religious man's sense of the ridiculous. This essay, "Introduction à une mystique de la blague," sparkles with wit and brilliant intuitions. "The real chastisement of sin," he writes, "was not work, it was ridicule. Immediately the joking spirit sprang forth to fulfil its providential role of correcting manners by the efficacy of its implacable laughter." His best anecdote concerns the Abbé Quertier. This perfect humourist and great orator, he says, "constantly refused, because of some sort of timidity, to preach to the nuns of his convent." One day, however, he decided to do so. For his text he chose these words from the scriptures: "Ossa arida audite verbum Domini," which he translated: "Old carcasses, hear ye the word of the Lord." Hertel's wit was once *fantaisiste,* hiding a bitter thought under a smile. Now he says: "Let us be serious seeing that it is a question of joking." His smile is serious. "The only way not to be believed is to tell the truth." One feels that certain stories are epitomes of his inner sadness—"Marguerite," for example. "I asked her one day for whom she was wearing mourning. She replied: 'For life.'" "I thank heaven," he says somewhere, "which enlightens me in so salutary a manner on my inner emptiness." It would be interesting to study the nature of Hertel's wit, the psychic mechanisms which produce the *fantaisie*, the bitter irony, the shock to our moral sense, the scandal, the shock to our reason, the paradox. He always sees two things existing together in a relation of disproportion, non-conformity. The truth of Marguerite is his own truth: "Her sadness sprang from a sentiment which came to life in her very early: the disproportion between the ideal and the real." Few people can express, because few people know, as well as Hertel the pathos of laughter.

> Du romantisme gluant j'ai les tentations morbides
> Vaincu!
> Loin des hémisphériques Laurentides, de la Blague pèlerin,
> Je fais des pieds de nez aux Docteurs savantasses ès scolastique
> Que la poussière des Sommes empêche de respirer, mais
> Moi
> Je m'emplis les poumons aspirant et expirant l'éther.

So M. Jean Bruneau parodies François Hertel. The expert in ridicule is himself held up to ridicule. *Amours, délices et orgues* (Québec, Institut Littéraire du Québec, 179 pp., $1.50) is a collection of short compositions in which M. Bruneau ridicules by imitating the mannerisms of thirty-two contemporary French-Canadian authors. In the manner of Jean Bruchési he says: "On this question of the collaboration between the throne and the altar we have always given a superb lesson to the French." Roger Duhamel is reported to have written in

an article on "a lofty mission": "The journalist is not only an informer, he is a leader of men. He it is who, in the night, guides the human caravan. History proves it abundantly and even the greatest men have wanted to be journalists." In volume 44 of *Lettres préhistoriques du Landerneau du Québec*, Séraphin Marion is supposed to have written: "French Canada was at that time young and vigorous and did not yet know the disastrous perturbations of free thought and free verse." M. Bruneau has cleverly caught two of Guy Frégault's mannerisms: his worship of legendary grandeur ("Montcalm, despite his defeat, remains one of our purest national glories . . . . At certain moments his life comes so near to the marvellous that historians, even the best intentioned, have not been able to destroy the legendary element in his fame") and the superior tone of his footnotes ("The part of original research is excessively slim. Each page is a web of errors. We must not regard as definitely acquired anything we find in Chapais. The same remark applies to the work of Lanctot, Le Jeune, Fauteux, and Daviault").

III

There is no mistaking the notes in the poetry of Madame Emma Vaillancourt, who lives in Quebec City. She sings as the seasons pass and, if we credit the title of her collection, *De l'aube au couchant* (Québec, 154 pp., $2) from dawn to dusk. She sings of home, baby, cradle, of the Terrace, the Plains of Abraham, of the farm women, ravines, and mountains "of my country." The wind blowing is the lament of the "shades of the Country."

> . . . c'est le pleur innombrable
> Des Mânes du Pays, l'emblème de l'érable
> Que clame sa devise à notre instable cœur!
>
> C'est la voix de Champlain, de nos preux, de nos pères,
> C'est leur ombre qui fuit, le mystique rouet
> Qui tourne en quelque ciel, notre Mère Rollet,
> C'est l'appel du sol roux, la plainte des chaumières.

When her religious conscience is offended she exclaims:

> Garde pour toi Voltaire et laisse-moi l'Eglise:
> J'ai besoin de l'Ave, du très Saint-Sacrement!
> J'ai besoin du rayon, du baume que j'y puise.

This is domestic, patriotic, religious poetry in orthodox vestments.

Nor can we mistake the poetry of M. Georges Larouche, the lawyer-poet of Jonquière on the upper Saguenay. Throughout the 216 pages of his fourth volume of verse, *Val-Menaud* (Ottawa, 1952, $2) impressions and feelings take the form of cadences, each line

flowing along to its appointed rhyme. Anything he sees, hears, or does in this north country is a pretext for a rhymed entry in his diary: forests, lakes, cataracts, the "blessed river," village bells, trucks, bulldozers engaged in civilizing the landscape. Believing that poetry is the fruit of the marriage of the soul with nature, M. Larouche creates wit having the tang of the north country:

J'entendais beugler les camions.

When he hears a violin he sees sun rays on the dark horizon of his soul. Hearing rain in the night he says to it:

O douce pluie, douce pluie de la nuit!
reste avec moi et passe la nuit.

Over and above the rhetoric and the religious sentimentality there is this wit, this sensitiveness to beauty. His special language is that of a sad, lonely heart in a northern land in the throes of industrial exploitation.

If Mme Vaillancourt and M. Larouche are firmly anchored in Quebec, Claude Bernard Trudeau inhabits an imaginary domain which is fabulous. For the poet of *Dans les jardins de la vie et de l'amour* (Montréal, Beauchemin, 87 pp., $1.25), the universe is images and sensations. His imagination transports him to tropical islands to help him forget his spleen, his bad memories:

. . . les engloutissements d'empires,
Les râles des innocents, les exécutions rapides à l'aube
Avec le sceau fumant de la légalité.

An idea seems to set his imagination free to create cascades of sensations. The various thrills in "Nocturne" spring from the thought: "in your arms." At the thought of a "rhapsody of fire" a universe of flaming things springs forth. So we have a moon of many "faces," a concert of moon faces. The word "There was once" has the fairy-tale power to conjure up a marvellous assortment of things: a pale child, an old man, a vast piano, an old mandoline, a statue, a bracelet. If we assembled all his fabulous creatures, we should have a succession of gods, dragons, gigantic birds, sacred dancers without end. Trudeau envelops the world in a "veil of sweet euphoria to make it dream beautifully, eternally."

La Fiancée du matin (Montréal, Edns Amicitia, 60 pp., $1) is a collection of love poems by Jean-Guy Pilon. In the first of them vital passion gives place to illusion, to "the desert of love," but in the shorter poems the strong note predominates, the will to obey no law but love's law. This young poet revokes the edict of exile from Eden:

Nous aborderons aux plages de midi,
Insouciants des lois ou des partages,
Sans rien savoir du sable ni de l'eau.
Sous l'ardent appel du dépouillement virginal,
Nous joindrons nos mains et nos cœurs
Comme au temps lumineux de la Première Innocence.
Et l'Eternité sera retrouvée.

He speaks of

Le temps de la mystérieuse transfiguration
En la chair et le sang.

"A forgotten house, with neither windows nor mirror, full of ancient songs," expresses the sad thought of an impossible return to rapture. He sings the chagrin of conventional lies and masks that hide the fire of love.

Coming to Wilfrid Lemoine's *Les Pas sur terre* (Montréal, Edns Chantecler, 125 pp., $2) we realize again that the special language of poetry is symbol and myth. The reader's mind stops to grasp and savour the thought. This young poet of Sherbrooke has fed on Rimbaud and Baudelaire. He sees frightened men in a forest. Their "footsteps on earth" are the steps of man's spirit imprisoned in an alley, running towards a temple, locked and forgotten, knocking its head against a wall and falling. This temple is the figure of man's futile search for spiritual nourishment. There is in his town, he says, a temple called "La Turbeh aux oreilles d'âne," named no doubt for the king whose touch turned everything to gold, Midas, who was fabled to have ass's ears. It was a strange temple, in reality a filthy dive, to which everyone in town came one day or another, as in the old days to "the dance of death".

Les promeneurs noirs de la rue
Et les ouvriers sales des tramways
Et les prêtres-noirs et les prêtres-gras
Et les enfants-prêtres pour le sacrifice confus
De leurs lèvres fleuries
Chacun ouvrait une oreille d'âne
Regardait le ciel bas
Et entrait dans la turbeh crasseuse.

Each one came "to offer a candle, a black flower, or a despair" and entered "to the panting music of cash-registers and yelping thirsty flesh." It was a catacomb where each one had to eat his candle, drink from his black flower, and find his grave and die there; for no one came out of the "Turbeh" with the ass's ears. Lemoine often pictures sad, black men, and a fissure, like a sepulchre, with a big black stone rolled over it. The artist he pictures as a tragedian who lives on the

life-blood of others. On occasion, Lemoine's thought becomes drama in the form of dialogues. One of them, "Résurrection," a dialogue between the heart and mind of a dead man, dramatizes the idea that the artist's soul is nourished by sucking a bleeding heart. In the end the heart says, "I love you," and the mind replies, "I understand you," and that is the "résurrection" of the man.

Anne Hébert's *Le Tombeau des rois* (Québec, Institut Littéraire du Québec, 76 pp., $1.50) is the poetry of a heart that wants to shut itself in with its pain. Surrounding the pain is a substance. This figure provides the conceits which make up her poems. There is a "wall," a "hedge" like "a crown around me"; there is within an "inner court" with a fountain, a "closed room" and a heart "set on a table," a "great cupboard" with a dress, blue shoes, "a child's eyes," a "box" in which "childhood is rolled up like an unstrung necklace." At times the art is macabre:

> Au centre de l'enclos
> La source du sang. . . .

The feeling of being enclosed is sometimes expressed through cosmic symbols: the seasons, weather, night, water, desert, black islands. Water gives the feeling of limitless wandering, "level surface of unknown water as far as the eye can see," a mirror broken by reflections or images. Night also is a dark fluid; when light makes the surface tremble she shuts her eyes and feels sunk in darkness and silence, surrounded by "great submarine currents."

> A chaque éclat de lumière
> Je ferme les yeux
> Pour la continuité de la nuit
> La perpétuité du silence
> Où je sombre.

"Spacious desert" translates a feeling of vast emptiness, boredom, futility; "sand" is dryness, sterility, spiritual death. Parts of the body are used to express her suffering: "heart" is inner pain; "dead hands" are signs that movement has departed; massive rings on the fingers are signs of bondage to the ethical world.

Why does she shut herself up? She is bound by her "fidelity," by a covenant with death.

> Seule ma fidélité me lie.
> O liens durs
> Que j'ai noués
> En je ne sais quelle nuit secrète
> Avec la mort!

Her lover is dead. Who is he? At one moment her song is a lament for childhood joys: the village, château, "the steps of the dead." At another moment, in what might be called "the poem of the bones," she says:

> Je suis une fille maigre
> Et j'ai de beaux os.
> Un jour je saisirai mon amant
> Pour m'en faire un reliquaire d'argent.

and fancies hanging herself in the place of the absent heart; she animates him, feels him tremble; when she opens her liquid eyes in his frigid bosom, "strange, childish dreams like green water stir." Her pain becomes the lyric cry of separation from love, the lament of a "calm, immobile distance" with "no passage" between her living self and her dead lover. It is bitterness, "love changed into salt," the impossibility of touch, gesture, grasp, caress, "hands forever dead." It is a crucifixion: "a hanged man," "the trembling cross of my extended arms," "a naked woman under a bitter tree":

> L'angoisse me fait de l'ombre
> Je suis nue et toute noire sous un arbre amer.

Finally, in the title poem, her dead lover is a king who has departed into the world of the shades and the singer, like Orpheus, or rather like a divine huntress, "with her heart on her wrist like a blind falcon," descends to chase her royal bird. As she goes along subterranean labyrinths, bare feet sound like drops of water in a well, odours ooze from below the doors of secret chambers with curtained beds, "black bones" of the dead lie about, "seven great ebony Pharaohs," seven deadly sins, lords of death, possess her and "drink" her. And that is why her heart is blind, why the bird shivers

> Et tourne vers le matin
> Ses prunelles crevées?

Anne Hébert demonstrates the nothingness, the dust of a tradition of guilt, which alone fills the inner chamber of a soul that turns in upon itself and wills to dwell there. The art is anatomical; not the luscious, decorative art of Gautier but rather the austere art of St. Denys Garneau, the art of dry bones. As Pierre Emmanuel notes in his "presentation" of the author: "An austere word, dry, broken, carefully excluded from music; poems as it were traced in bone with the point of a poniard, that is what Anne Hébert proposes."

IV

The only work of literary criticism that has come to our attention this year is Dostaler O'Leary's *Le Roman canadien-français* (Mont-

réal, Cercle du Livre de France, 197 pp., $1.80). It has a number of virtues. M. O'Leary has broken new ground and created categories which are helpful. Under the heading of "Liberation of the peasant novel" he deals with the work of Desrosiers, Ringuet, Guèvremont, Bertrand Vac, Harry Bernard, Thériault and Savard; in a chapter on "Novels of manners and social novels" he deals with J.-C. Harvey, Roger Viau, Gabrielle Roy, Lemelin, Charlotte Savary, and J.-J. Richard. Rex Desmarchais, Robert Charbonneau, Jacqueline Mabit, Adrienne Choquette, Charles Hamel, André Giroux are psychoanalysts; Berthelot Brunet, André Beland, Françoise Loranger, Robert Elie, André Langevin, Eugène Cloutier are novelists who depict "the human condition." Lastly there are "intellectual novelists": François Hertel, Pierre Baillargeon, Jean Simard, and Clément Lockquell. "For more than one hundred years the novel confined itself to the land or to the exploitation of patriotic theses," writes M. O'Leary, who takes to task the masters whose reflexes were defensive. "They doubted the vigour of the people's thought, its intellectual value . . . they wronged the people by denying their capacity to assimilate foreign influences." M. O'Leary's anti-nationalist convictions put events in a new light, keep his mind alert to new formulas, to the presence of forces which are placing French Canada on the literary map of the world. He sees a long period of stagnation caused by the doctrine that "the first quality of a novel is to be national, that is, it must find its inspiration in Canadian soil, Canadian history, manners and customs in honour in Quebec." " 'In the land of Quebec nothing must change' was taken literally and for thirty years *Maria Chapdelaine* made it so that nothing changed. That novel eclipsed everything." Another evil that went with this cult of the land was the influence in Canada of writers like Bordeaux and Bazin who were considered third-rate writers in their own countries. M. O'Leary defines new qualities in opposition to nationalism. "The exploitation of the peasant theme by Ringuet is marked by a definite rupture with the narrow regionalism which had troubled us up to then. His Eucharistе Moisan loves the land for itself and not because it is Canadian." Mme Guèvremont reacts against that kind of torpor induced by the climate of Louis Hémon's book. Vac and Bernard have introduced a new character, a modern "coureur de bois," the guide. M. O'Leary notices too a new formula in Giroux: "he presents his hero to us by reflection, without ever bringing him on to the stage." Robert Elie and André Langevin have "introduced despair into the novel." Eugène Cloutier's *Les Témoins* is "our first metaphysical novel." On the whole M. O'Leary's insights have clarified the field.

V

With Father René Latourelle, biography is something of a literary exercise. The second volume of his *Etude sur les écrits de Saint Jean de Brébeuf* (Montréal, Edns de l'Immaculée-Conception, 271 pp., $3) contains five extracts from the Jesuit *Relations*, nine letters in manuscript, "strictly confidential" letters addressed to the Father General of the Order, the text of Brébeuf's "spiritual diary," in the original Latin and in translation, and two texts in Huron. The letters, Father Latourelle believes, have an historical value: in matters of fact there is a remarkable degree of agreement between them and the *Relations* and the writings of Marie de l'Incarnation. Besides, they reveal the rich qualities of Brébeuf's heart and mind. Brébeuf can summarize a whole year's labours in a page or so: the general state of the mission, the principal happenings, problems and their solutions, plans for the future, together with a few statistics. As a missionary among heathens he was oppressed with a feeling of sterility; the harvest of souls was meagre. During periods of epidemics the Hurons were hostile; they beat him and stoned him; they threatened, even attempted to murder him. But Brébeuf was resigned. When provisions for the mission were stolen by the Iroquois he said: "The Lord be praised. The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away." It seems that Brébeuf was called to martyrdom from the beginning; he lived in the presence of the Crucified One and, for six years, he travelled the royal way of the Cross. He saw an immense cross in the sky stretching from the Iroquois country to Huronia. As though the crucifixion he suffered at the hands of savages were not enough, he mortified his body, lashed it, subjected it to frequent fastings. In visions he felt threatened by flocks of demons and frightful monsters. He made three vows: the promise of service, the vow of the martyr, and, finally, the vow of the most perfect. This last is the most crucifying vow; he pledged himself to observe perfectly all the rules and do all that he knew would contribute to the greatest glory of God. This act, says the author, "truly marks a summit of perfection. Only heroic souls dare to face such heights"—Brébeuf, Marie de l'Incarnation, Chaumonot, Catherine de Saint-Augustin in this country. At the stake, Brébeuf "suffered like a rock, insensitive to fire and flame, without uttering a cry, remaining in a deep silence which astounded even his tormentors."

Father P. E. Breton's *Forgeron de Dieu* (Edmonton, Edns de l'Ermitage, 223 pp.) and Father Romain Légaré's *Le Père Frédéric Janssoone* (Montréal, Librairie Saint-François, 387 pp., $2) are biographies of religious men who are in the way to becoming saints. The first is the story of a lay brother, Antoine Kowalizyk, a native of

Poland, who spent thirty or more years of his life (1911–47) teaching in Edmonton. The second is a full account of the life and preaching of a man who is regarded as a twentieth-century St. Francis. Father Janssoone, who was born in French Flanders, was a missionary to the Holy Land before coming to Canada. He attracted attention when he appeared in the streets of Quebec wearing a brown habit, with nothing on his feet but sandals. Some two and a half centuries had passed since Jean Dolbeau had come there with Champlain. Father Janssoone was a great preacher, a miracle worker. He wrote a history of the Franciscans in Canada; he wrote a life of St. Francis who, for him, was "the perfect copy of Christ". The crypt of the Franciscan Chapel at Three Rivers, constructed in his honour, is visited every year by thousands of pilgrims.

Mme Antoinette Grégoire-Coupal's *Le Batelier du Gange* (Montréal, Fides, 173 pp., $1.50) is an interesting story and, at the same time, a biography of Mgr Raymond Larose, Bishop of Chittagong, to whom it was addressed by the author on the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of the founding of the missions of the Holy Cross in Bengal, 1853–1953.

M. Rosaire Barrette's *Léo Dandurand* (Ottawa, *Le Droit*, 351 pp., ill., $3.50) is an account of the life of an extraordinary layman, millionaire, philanthropist, king of sports, a great promoter whose mission was to enhance the prestige of French Canada in the order of physical disciplines.

VI

Historical studies this year take the form of biographies. There was a man sent from God whose name was Henri Bourassa. If he had followed in his father's footsteps he would have been an artist or a novelist; but, following rather the steps of his grandfather Papineau, he was drawn into the currents of political life and became the voice of nationalist French Canada. M. Robert Rumilly's *Henri Bourassa* (Montréal, Edns Chantecler, 792 pp., $6.75) is a vast effort of nearly eight hundred pages to trace "the public life of a great Canadian." Written in the simple, factual style of which Rumilly is master, this work is a panorama of political life in Canada during the first half of the twentieth century. Bourassa defended the patriots of 1837 as heroes not rebels, as men who "continued the magnificent struggle which the British people had been waging for three centuries against absolute power." The Riel rebellion, the Boer war and the great wars, conscription, schools in the north-west or in Ontario, whenever there was a conflict of opinion between the two races Bourassa was the champion

of the French minorities. In the end the man who had swayed multitudes by his spoken or written word lived in almost absolute solitude. Many people thought he was already dead. "He lived a retired life at home," says Rumilly. "Two of his sons are Jesuits; his daughters, raised like nuns, take care of him; his house in Outremont resembles a cloister. His favorite walk is up the paths of the mountain to the Côte-des-Neiges cemetery, telling his beads as he goes." Since this was written, he died, in 1952, in his eighty-fourth year.

The Archives of the Province of Quebec possess important collections of family papers of which the most interesting perhaps is the Papineau-Bourassa collection left by Mlle Augustine Bourassa, Henri's sister, who worshipped her grandfather. Some of these papers appear in the Archivist's Report for 1951–2 and 1952–3 (pages 169–299) under the title of "Correspondence of Joseph Papineau" (Joseph was the father of Louis-Joseph). The letters cover the period 1793–1840.

From the same source M. Jean Bruchési gleaned material for a paper entitled *Lettres d'un exilé* (Montréal, Edns des Dix, 25 pp., 75c.). The first letter was dated Albany, December 1837 and the last was written in August 1845 in London when Papineau was on his way back to Canada. Most of the others were written in Paris. In the words of Bruchési, "They add little to our knowledge of Papineau unless perhaps they bring into stronger relief the deep rancour he harboured against certain men, English and Canadian."

With the aid of Riel's companions and their writings M. Donatien Frémont has endeavoured to add to our knowledge of the *métis* in the north-west in *Les Sécrétaires de Riel* (Montréal, Edns Chantecler, 205 pp., $1.75). Of the three secretaries, Louis Schmidt, Henry Jackson, and Phillipe Garnot, Schmidt was the most useful to this historian. A boyhood friend of Riel, Schmidt lived to be a very old man, dying in 1935 at the age of 92. For fifty years he had been living in obscurity at St. Louis de Langevin on the South Saskatchewan some twenty miles from Prince Albert. He was asked by the editor of the local newspaper to write his recollections of the events in which he had played an active part, but before they could be published his manuscript perished in a fire, and it was with the aid of a second version that M. Frémont constructed his story of the rebellion. That second version did not have the authenticity of the first. Schmidt apologized for the gaps saying that his memory was beginning to weaken.

In the order of parish monographs we have *Saint-Félix de Valois*, Joliette county, by Father Cloris Rondeau (Montréal, Société des Missions-Etrangères, x, 466 pp., $2.50) and *Saint-Alexandre de Kamouraska* by members of the Historical Society of that region (Sainte-

Anne-de-la-Pocatière, 1952, 260 pp., $2). *Le Diocèse de Trois-Rivières* by Fathers Georges Panneton and Antonio Magnan (Les Trois-Rivières, Edns du Bien Public, 377 pp., $4) is a more comprehensive work of the same order containing short biographies of the clergy and historical notes of that diocese.

VII

Le Canada et les droits de l'homme by M. Brigham Day (Paris, Librairie du Recueil Sirey, x, 154, 900 fr.) is an expert study of Canadian problems which proceeds from two ideas. "We believe," says M. Day, "that there is a relation between foreign policy and the rights of man." Indeed, he believes, the respect for the rights of the individual depends on the foreign policy of the state. "Unification," he also says, "is the essential condition of world progress today. If that unification is achieved without a new war it will be due to *individuals* whose sacrifices have made it possible." The federal structure of Canada predisposes statesmen to meditate on problems of unification, it is easy to pass from a federal plan to a universal plan, and Canada "offers the western world a unique occasion in history for assuring the rights of man." The rights of man, according to Father Roméo Girard in *Esclavage ou liberté* (Montréal, Edns Oblates, 211 pp., $1.25), are the rights of a man to live his life, develop it and perfect it in a society of which family life is the first cell. An allied topic, *La Paroisse cellule sociale* (Montréal, Institut Social Populaire, 204 pp., $2), was the subject of discussion at the 1953 conference of the Semaines Sociales du Canada. Following in the steps of Léon Gérin M. Esdras Minville is making a study of professional and social types. In the brochure *Le Chef d'enterprise* (Montréal, Ecole des Hautes Etudes Commerciales, 61 pp., 50 c.) he studies an industrial type. Professor Raoul Blanchard is occupied with a geographic survey of the province. His latest volume is *L'Ouest du Canada français* (Montréal, Beauchemin, 401 pp., ill., $8). Educators will find useful bibliographies under such headings as history and institutions, general theory of education, administration, mental and physical hygiene, compiled by Misses Alice Ratté and Gilberte Gagnon in the volume entitled *Bibliographie analytique de la littérature pédagogique canadienne-française* (Montréal, Centre de Psychologie et de Pédagogie, pour l'Association Canadienne des Educateurs de Langue Française, 1952, 108 pp., $2). Other studies take us farther afield. *La Manifestation de l'occident* by Professor A. C. de Guttenberg (Montréal, Edns Florus, 1952, 393 pp., $3.50) is a history of western civilization or, as the author puts it, "a comparative study of the origins of European culture and literature." Professor Pierre

Ricour's discourse on the problem of the humanities, *Les Humanités gréco-latines, idoles ou vrais dieux?* (Montréal, Edns Chantecler, 160 pp., $1.50) contains interesting chapters on the sources of the French language and the French spirit. In the two volumes of *Nouvelle aventure en Afrique* (Montréal, Fides, 251, 253 pp., $4) M. Jacques Hébert describes a journey undertaken by himself and his wife through northern and central Africa. *M'en allant promener* (Montréal, Beauchemin, 162 pp., $2.50) is an account of a tour through the Scandinavian countries by Mme Françoise Gaudet-Smet. The book contains numerous photographs of buildings, ports, artists, and works of art.

VII. PUBLICATIONS IN OTHER LANGUAGES — WATSON KIRKCONNELL

Two volumes dominate the poetry of the year, one in Ukrainian and the other in Icelandic.

An important contribution to the religious poetry of this country is a lengthy Ukrainian verse-cycle, totalling nearly six thousand lines and entitled *Christ the Messiah, Saviour of the World.* Its author is Archbishop Michael of Toronto and many of its sections are identified as written in 1953 in Toronto or Montreal. The great bulk of the work is in rhymed quatrains but one or two parts (e.g., no. 44, vii, "Prayer for all the Church") are in looser measures. In design, this substantial volume is reminiscent of Iceland's chief devotional work, the fifty *Passion-Hymns* of Hallgrímur Pétursson, which to this day form an integral part of the Icelandic *Hymnbook.* Whereas Hallgrímur, however, confines himself to the brief intensity of the Passion period and grows lyric in devotion over the suffering and death of the Saviour, the Ukrainian poet-archbishop is more ambitious in his scope and ranges from primordial counsel within the Trinity down to the Ascension of the risen Lord. There are five main sections in the book: Part I (poems 1–9), "The Beginning of Salvation," including the antecedent joy in Heaven and bitterness in Hell and the instructions given to Mary, Elizabeth, and Joseph; Part II (10–28), the birth of the Saviour and his early career; Part III (29–37), a prelude to the Atonement (Palm Sunday, in the Temple, the treachery of Judas, etc.); Part IV (38–63), the Betrayal, Judgment, Crucifixion, and Descent into Sheol; and Part V (64–85), the Resurrection and Ascension of Christ. It may be that Archbishop Michael might have greatly enriched his prosody by adapting his metres and stanzas, deals; but it may also be argued that uniformity of metre has its own as did Hallgrímur Pétursson, to the varying themes with which he effect, as in *In Memoriam,* in giving unity to a wide range of topics under a single master-plan.

Contrasted in many ways is *Wedges*, Páll Bjarnason's substantial volume (270 pp.) of Icelandic verse. Mr. Bjarnason was born in Mountain, North Dakota, in 1883, spent many years in Wynyard, Sask., and is now living in retirement in Vancouver. The present work represents the most diverse collected lyrics from a long lifetime of poetic activity, much of it from his early twenties. Among the best work in the book is his "Maid of the Mountain," written for the millennial celebration of Iceland's parliament in 1930, "My District" dealing with his home territory in North Dakota, and "The Sea." As with other Icelandic-Canadian poets, Mr. Bjarnason has many adroit examples of translation, in his case from Thomas Gray, Oscar Wilde, Fitzgerald's version of the *Rubaiyat*, Kipling, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Edwin Markham, Longfellow, Tennyson, Henley, and others.

Considerable Icelandic poetry of importance is also to be found in the *Annual* of the Icelandic National League, especially "Klettafjöllin" by Guttormur J. Guttormsson.

Gaelic poetry begins to come back into the position it once occupied in Nova Scotian life with a little volume of original Gaelic poems and melodies by Major C. I. N. MacLeod, once a distinguished Celtic scholar at the University of Edinburgh and now general adviser in Celtic studies to the Nova Scotia Department of Education. Here are pathos and tenderness, shadow and sunshine, deep emotion and elevated thought.

Poetry blends with critical scholarship in volume III of the monumental edition of the works of Taras Shevchenko, the Ukraine's greatest poet, now being brought out in Winnipeg by the exiled Ukrainian scholar, Professor Leonid Biletsky, and printed by the Ukrainian Free Academy of Sciences in Canada. This great work, totalling nearly 2,500 pages, would be a matter of pride to any country; and Canadians may take melancholy satisfaction in its being produced here in the free conditions of the Canadian community. There are copious notes—textual, critical, historical, and biographical—and the volumes are illustrated with reproductions of Shevchenko's own paintings.

This same Ukrainian Free Academy has had a number of other scholarly works issued under its auspices during 1953. Such are G. M. Lucyk's essays on methods in Onomastics and on Old Church Slavic as a religious cult language, Boris Unbegaun's treatise on the origin of the term "Ruthenian," Jurij Sherech's work on the universal participle in Slavic, Kateryna Antonovych's sketch of women in the Ukrainian Free University, Jaroslav Rudnyckyj's survey of "Slavica

Canadiana" for 1952, and P. Kovaliv's critical biography of Vasyl Simovych. Of related interest are Dr. Rudnyckyj's *Readings in Polish Folklore*, issued for the class use of students at the University of Manitoba.

Fiction is chiefly to be found in a series of Ukrainian stories published in Winnipeg by the Ukrainian Book Club. Thus one may mention *They Came Again*, a novel of the Finnish-Bolshevik war written in the Tyrol by Ivan Loboda. Its chief theme is the evil duplicity by which the Soviet attack on Finland—part of a burglars' bargain in 1939 between Stalin and Hitler—was trumpeted to the world by the Communists as the defence of the U.S.S.R. against Finnish aggression. W. Birchak's *Against the Law* is an historical novel dealing with the Ukrainian lands in the twelfth century, in the time of the great "Knyaz," or King, Volodymyr. Its author was born in 1881 in the Western Ukraine and took his doctorate in the philosophical faculty of the University of Lwow. Stephan Vasylchenko's *Novelle* is a collection of fifteen short stories, often strongly patriotic and full of appeal to the young. Two of the best are "The Mother" and "Autumn Sketch."

Two notable volumes in the field of history, Thorstina Jackson Walters' *Modern Sagas: The Story of the Icelanders in North America* and Paul Yuzyk's *The Ukrainians in Manitoba*, receive comment in Section V, sub-section 5. Another volume of historical importance is *The Kuban Settlement*, volume 9 in the German-language "Historical Series" of the Echo-Verlag in Steinbach, Man. It is a record of a Mennonite communal settlement in southern Russia from 1860 down to the time of its destruction and dispersal by the Bolsheviks in the nineteen-twenties. The book is illustrated and is supplied with a groundplan of the settlement. One of the most vivid chapters deals with the famine of 1920–1.

Of more purely ecclesiastical interest is the Metropolitan Ilarion's substantial volume on the division of Christendom and the early attempts at healing its schisms. The work is very heavily documented and the bibliography is extensive. Nearly three-quarters of the book deals with the centuries anterior to 1500, and the more recent period is touched on very briefly. The Thorgeirson *Almanac* of Winnipeg, now in its sixtieth year, is really a source-book of community and family annals and represents collectively an important reference work for the history of the Icelandic-Canadians. More miscellaneous still are Dm. A. Nykolyak's history of the Ukrainian National Home in Toronto, Fylymon Leskiv's most interesting memoirs of pioneer life in Canada, Evhen Yavorivskyj's pamphlet on Ivan Tyktor's press

jubilee, Brother Methodius' tribute to Brother Stanislas Joseph, and Mr. Bronfman's and Mr. Massey's addresses to the Canadian Jewish Congress.

A moving recital of human torment under almost incredible tyranny is Semen Pidhainy's *Islands of Death*, in which he gives his personal reminiscences of the Soviet torture-camps on the Solovky Islands in the White Sea. The book deserves to take its place side by side with Nicholas Prychodko's *One of the Fifteen Million*. In both books countless innocent victims suffer agony beyond that of the damned in Dante's *Inferno*. Still in the Ukrainian language should be added Panas Khurtovyna's war reminiscences of Soviet Russia, *In the Heaven of Freedom*, with their portrayal of repeated flight, capture, and interrogation. Closely related in subject-matter to the foregoing are Andrij Kachor's systematic analysis of the place of the Ukraine in the political and economic system of the U.S.S.R. (especially in the so-called "five year plans") and Nicholas Prychodko's indignant pamphlet *Ukraine and Russia*.

Almost wholly devotional in character is the second instalment of M. Podvornyak's *On the Pathway of Life*, with its warm mixture of evangelical prose and verse.

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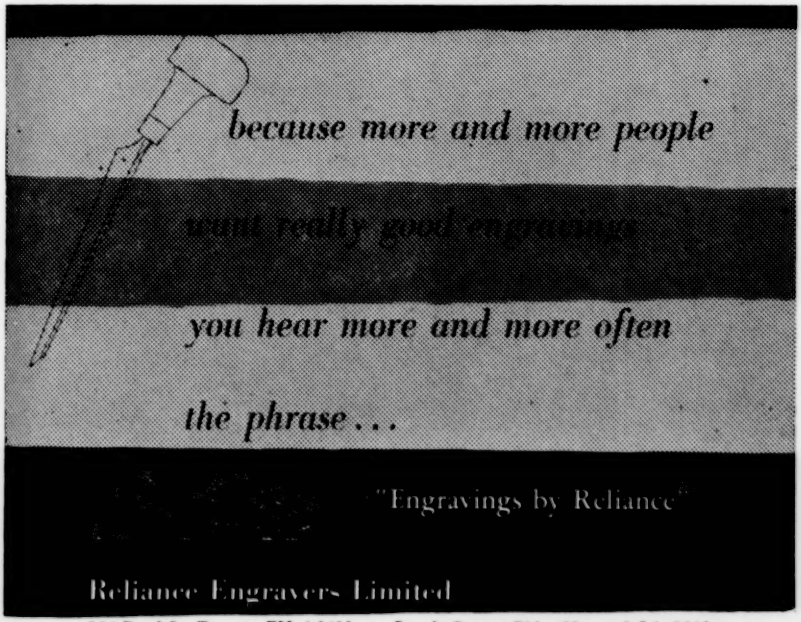
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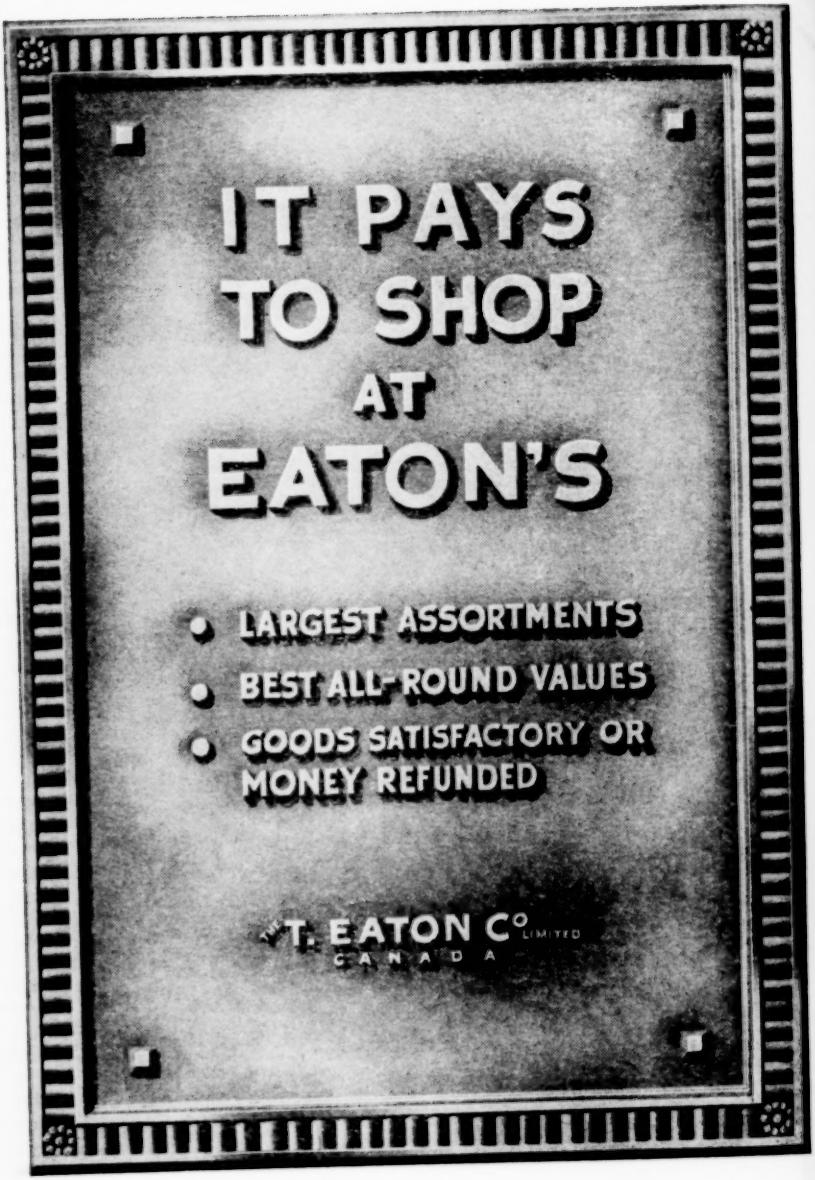
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